

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

N^o 2002.

London, Saturday, June 2, 1855.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—
THE LANGUAGES OF INDIA.—The Council are desirous of adding BENGALI and TAMIL to the Indian Languages comprised in the Courses of Instruction in the College.

Applications for appointments as Professors or Teachers, with Testimonials, will be received on or before Monday, the 2nd July. Further information may be obtained at the Office of the College.

CHARLES C. ATKINSON,
Secretary to the Council.

May 31st, 1855.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is now open. Admission, (from Eight to Seven o'clock,) One Shilling; Catalogue, One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. Incorporated by Royal Charter.—The THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY is now OPEN from 9 A.M. until dusk. Admittance, Is.

ALFRED CLINT, Hon. Secretary.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now open at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, close to Trafalgar Square. Admittance, Is.; Catalogue 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE CHALON EXHIBITION.—SOCIETY OF ARTS.—This collection of the Paintings, Drawings, and Sketches of the late JOHN CHALON, Esq., R.A., with a Selection from the Works of ALFRED E. CHALON, Esq., R.A., will be opened at the Society's House, Adelphi, on Thursday, June 7th.—Admission, Is.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY of LONDON.—NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that the NEXT EXHIBITION of FLOWERS and FRUIT, in the SOCIETY'S GARDEN, will take place on Wednesday, June 20, at 2 P.M.

Tickets, price 6d. each, can be procured at this Office, upon presenting the order of a Fellow; or on the day of the meeting, at Torsagan Green, price 7d. each.

MARTIN'S PICTURES.—HALL OF COMMERCE.—In consequence of many thousand persons having been enabled to view these Pictures, at the late Exhibition, LONDON, it is now determined to have made arrangements to keep it open on TUESDAY, the 5th of June, for a few days.—Hall of Commerce, 52, Threadneedle Street.

M. AGUILAR respectfully announces that he will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, at Willis' Rooms, on THURSDAY, JUNE 14th, under distinguished patronage, and assisted by M. BOCKHOLTZ, Fagoni, Madame FERRARI, M. NIEMI, Signor FERRARI, Signor GÖTTSCHE, Herr EMER, Signor PIATTI, Mr. R. S. PRATT, and Mr. V. MORE.—Reserve Seats, Is.; Tickets, 10s. 6d.; to be had of M. AGUILAR, 63, Upper Norton Street, and at the Principal Music Publishers.

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(By order of the Committee)

WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE, Secretary, &c.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1855.

REVIEWS.

Slovo o Polku Igorev. Lied von Heereszuge Igors gegen dei Polowzer. Lay of the Expedition of Igor against the Polovtsi, the oldest Monument of the Russian Language. The original Text, with a Commentary, Grammar, Glossary, and Metrical Translation. Edited by Dr. August Boltz.

Berlin, 1854.

The ancient Russian poem, of which we purpose to present an analysis, will probably interest three classes of readers—those with Anselmo's reverent love for mere archaeological curiosities; those who delight in the force, simplicity, and pathos of popular poetry in general; and those who, as students of the philosophy of our present history and politics, desire to learn, from any genuine monument of the Russian people, somewhat of their feelings and superstitions, somewhat of the numerous national characteristics which may be sought for vainly in the works of those who are usually taken to represent the literature of Russia.

Our readers are aware that in the ninth century the Slavi of Novogorod chose as their king, Rurik, the chief of those Scandinavian adventurers, usually called Varangians, but by the Finns *Rustisi*, strangers—hence the word Russians. Rurik and his warlike followers soon founded an empire, which continued to advance in power and civilization until Vladimir the Great, at the beginning of the eleventh century, subdivided his inheritance among his children, and the country was thus split into a number of weak, independent, and often hostile principalities.

Shortly before the year 1185, the era of the present poem, certain Russian princes had achieved a brilliant and profitable foray against the Polovtsi, a tribe of barbarous pagans, who had issued from the Ural mountains in the ninth century, were then in possession of the greater part of the Crimea, and subsequently became the ancestors of the Cossacks. The spur of emulation, the greed of glory and plunder, the love of crusading, urged Igor, prince of Novogorod Sieverski, to undertake the expedition of which we are about to give an account.

Before doing so we may observe, that the language of the original is supposed to be old Slavonic, with a certain intermixture of the dialect spoken in the southern provinces of Russia during the eleventh century, and that the poem is written apparently in a species of rhythmical prose. We have to speak doubtfully on these points, since Russian philologists have not as yet arrived at satisfactory solutions of most of the problems presented by their ancient dialects; while the original manuscript of the poem (which was discovered by Count Mussin-Pushkin in a collection purchased towards the end of the last century, from a convent in Kiev) was consumed at the burning of Moscow. The Count, who edited the poem in the year 1800, having omitted to record the material of which the manuscript in question was composed, the character in which it was written, or other circumstances from which its age could be determined with some degree of certainty, Dr. Boltz has adopted the text published by Jacharow in his *Skazaniya Russkago Naroda*.

The poem commences thus:—

"Would it not be well, O brothers, according to the ancient usage of our fathers, to repeat what the legends tell of the expedition of Igor, the son of Svatoslavitch? Yet this lay must commence only like the stories of our own time, not in Boyan's sublime manner. For Boyan, the high poet, when he thought of song, stole away from the brilliant circle into the loneliness of the forest, and roamed through the shadowy grove, as the gray wolf through the heath, as the dark-blue eagle wanders through the clouds."

This Boyan is supposed by Dr. Boltz to have been an ancient boyard and poet, given to improvise on hawking expeditions. He is subsequently mentioned with much reverence.

The Russian singer then brings before us Igor, with "his spirit steeled with strength, and his heart with heroic valour," at the head of his champions, ready to march on his avenging foray:—

"Igor looked up to the sun, but a shadow fell upon his troops of warriors, and he spake to his body guard (*drushina*). 'Friends, in truth this darkness of the sun is no good sign, yet much better is it to die than to live in prison. Brothers! mount then your horses that they bear us to the Don, to the green banks of the Don.' Ah! the strength of desire has surrounded the prince's soul: not even the signs of heaven doth he regard in his eagerness."

The singer here breaks off to apostrophise Boyan, and to regret that that "nightingale of those long-past times," that "grandson of Wele, god of happiness," the Pan of the Slavonian mythology, is not alive to chant worthily the deeds of Igor and his comrades. He then proceeds:—

"Horses neigh by the Sula: clamour sounds in radiant Kiev; and in Novgorod war-trumpets are braying: banners wave at Putivl. Igor waits for his brother Vsevolod. Vsevolod, the wild bull, greeting Igor, thus addresseth him:—

"Only brother, thou only radiant light, Igor! we are both gallant sons of Svatoslav. Saddle swiftly thy fleet horses: mine, long since, wait near Kursk, caparisoned, sent before; but my Kurian, the heroes, the skilful-in-casting, swaddled in the sound of trumpets, rocked to sleep under helmets, whose food was given to them on lance-points—know thoroughly the hidden pathways, the ditches. Their bows are strung: their quivers opened wide, and their swords freshly sharpened. Active are they as the gray wolves when prowling hungrily. Honour they seek for themselves; glory for their prince."

"Thereupon Prince Igor (*Igor knæs*) placed his foot in his golden stirrup, rode right down the plain: but the sun bars his path, places darkness against him. Unwonted night with horror awakens by lamentation the birds and the beasts of the forest, and the *Dive*, the bird of misfortune, cries from the top of a tree, tells the distant land to perceive, by the Volga, near to the sea, and the country by the Sula, and Suroshu, and Kherson, and the idols of Tmutorakan, there so highly honoured.

"Meanwhile the Polovtsi, by ways yet untrdden, hastened to the mighty Don. As cries a throng of hunted swans, so nightly creak their heavily-manned wagons. And Igor also leads his troops to the Don: but woe, the birds scent his misery beforehand, and the wolves howl horribly, their howling resounds in the precipices, and the vultures, rattling, invite all wild beasts to banquet on the bones: even the foxes yell fearlessly beside all the red shields.

"Russia, thou hast already passed the village Sholomysa [a village on the Polovtsian border]. Long endures the night, the daylight dies away in the red of morning: (literally, the morning-red sucks in, absorbs, the light:) clouds cover the fields:

the nightingale's song ceases: the chatter of the magpies awakes.

"On the plain the Russians now build themselves a rampart with their red shields: they seek honour for themselves, and renown for their prince."

The Russians triumph in the first day's fighting:—

"From the earliest dawn of Friday they smote the heathen hosts of the Polovtsi. Then, like arrows, spreading themselves over the field, they made abundant booty: fair Polovtsian maidens, gold and rich shawls (pavoloki), silkens stuffs, light mantles, furs also, and dear *ortmas*, and so many rich ornaments that they lay as it were bridges over moor and marsh. A red war-standard, a white triumph-flag, richly adorned with purple splendour, and the shaft of pure silver, fell to the gallant son of Svatoslav."

But while the Russians are sleeping after their victory, Gsak and Goutschak, two Polovtsian chieftains, bring reinforcements to their countrymen, and the next day's battle begins, with thunderclouds and storm above and around the combatants:—

"Ha! that was a breaking of lances and a terrible clanging of swords on the helmets of the Polovtsi, by the waters of the Kayala, not far from the mighty Don!

"Russia! thou hast already passed the village Sholomysa! These winds, the grandchildren of Stribog [the Slavonian *Aeolus*], blow arrows from the sea on the gallant troop of Igor. The earth begins to sound hollowly: already the rivers run darkly: dust covers the fields, whilst loudly rustle the banners. Newly strengthened, the Polovtsi come on in great divisions, on from the Don, and on from the sea, and on from all sides; and the Russians have to yield. And the demon brood of Heathens entrench themselves with wild rejoicing: the Russians also with their red shields mark out their laager.

"Marvels hast thou done to-day, Vsevolod, thou strong wild bull! when thou stoodest in the fight. Thou rainest arrows on the hosts: thou thunderest mightily on the helmets with thy hard steel sword. Where the wild bull has sprung, gleaming in his golden helmet, there lies a harvest of heathen heads, lie cloven helmets, which thy sharp sword hath penetrated, O strong wild bull, Vsevolod!

"Brothers, what a path of wounds! He thought not then of honour, nor doth he spare his own life: all he had then forgotten, Tscherigov, with its inherited, ancestral, golden throne, and the beloved manners and usages of his beautiful bride Glebovna."

The singer then pauses to recall some of the feuds and battles that had previously desolated his native land; but "so bloody a fight as this," he declares, "was never yet heard of." He then proceeds thus:—

"And from the morning till the evening, and from the evening till the morning, the fearful murdering lasted: hot arrows fly from side to side: swords ring against helmets: hard-stealed spears break on the foreign battle-field in the midst of the land of the Polovtsi. The plain is trodden black by the mighty hoofs of the horses: it is sown over with bones and drenched with blood. Ah for lamentation had Russia begotten them at home.

"But what noises do I hear? what mighty sounds early before dawn? Igor had moved his division, for he pitied his brother, and they fought and battled that day and the next, but on the third, towards noon, Igor lowered his standard, and yielded himself prisoner. By the swift river Kayala the two brothers separated: the wine of blood faileth only at their departure, and the gallant Russians have now ended their bloody banquet. The guests [i.e. the Polovtsi] are sated, still they themselves have succumbed for the dear land of Russia. And for sorrow the grass bendeth its blades: all the trees mournfully bow their branches."

The poet then depicts the misery of his country in consequence of this defeat, personifying the national dishonour, and the misery and famine that followed in its train. While the native princes were busied with selfish broils and feuds, the heathen foe made invasions from all sides:—

"Ah!" our singer exclaims, "the falcon hath migrated, driving the flocks of birds away before him to the sea. Never will Igor's hosts, our brave ones, rise again! Fiercely broke Karna and Schla [Polovtsian Voivodes] into the land, spreading around the smell of firebrands in pillars of flame.

"Russian women raised a cry of sorrow, saying thus: 'Now must we never either think or dream of our dear husbands, or see them with our eyes, and with them have we lost not a little gold and silver.'"

Igor, we are then told, alighted from his golden saddle to bestride Koshtshei's, that is to say, he became the prisoner of that Polovtsian warrior; and leaving him for a time, the poet brings us to the palace of his cousin, Swatoslav, who has had a gloomy dream, which he thus relates to his boyar:—

"On the hills of Kiev, from evening on through the night, ye enwrapped me in a black covering as I rested on my bed of ebony. Livid wine, mingled with poison, ye then gave me to drink: from the quiver-like opening of a pagan shell ye shook great pearl upon my lap, honouring me deeply: but ah! ye have broken through my golden-vaulted chamber, ye have broken all the heads off my tallies, and from the evening on through the night croaked the ill-omened ravens of Bus [a Polovtsian prince], croaked upon the field of Plesneszk and along the valley of Kis."

The boyars, on hearing this rather inexplicable vision, bewail the defeat of the two falcons (Igor and Vsevolod) that had flown upon this fatal expedition:—

"The heathen Polovtsi have hewn asunder with the sword the wings of both these falcons, and bound them fast in iron fetters. Dark and mournful was the third day for them, and two suns became gloomy and two pillars of purple fire were quenched, and with them also were two young moons, Oleg and Sviatoslav, surrounded by darkness. This happened by the river Kayala, when the night veiled the light, and whence, like a herd of wild panthers, the Polovtsi have overrun all Russia. . . . Slander has succeeded praise: need breaks in where freedom reigned; and the Div springs upon the earth. Behold! fair gothic maidens sing clear by the shores of the far blue sea, and ring the Russian gold, and chant to Bus a song of praise, and glorify rejoicingly, the revenge for Sharokan [a Polovtsian town plundered by the Russians in the year 1111]. But we, *Drushina*, are now thirsting for joy."

Amid his tears Swatoslav the Great then lets golden words fall from his mouth: he laments the fate of Igor and his comrades, the disunion of the Russian princes, refers to the splendour of their ancient achievements, and appeals to Vsevolod, "the great prince," to Burikand David, "the gallant warriors, whose golden helms often swam deep in blood," to Yaroslav, of Halitch, "the eight-sensed, on his lofty throne of gold."

"Up," he exclaims, "swiftly surround the gates of the battlefield with your sharp arrows, for the holy Russian earth, and for Igor's deep wounds, for the gallant son of Swatoslav."

There is much pathos in this lament of Yaroslava, Igor's wife, with which our singer next presents us:—

"Yaroslava's voice sounds like the cry of the cuckoo, unseen in the morning. And thus she spake: Along the Danube will I fly, and dip my sleeve of beaver-skin in the river Kayala, and cool

the wounds of my prince's tortured body. Yaroslava weepeth early at Putivl on the rampart, saying thus: Wind, thou stormer! why stormest thou so fiercely? why borest thou upon thy light wings the arrows of the khan against my husband's host? Is it not enough for thee to rush along the shore beneath the clouds, smiting the ships, tossing them on the blue sea? Wherefore, Lord, hast thou laid my delight low among the grass of the steppe?

"Yaroslava weepeth early at Putivl, on the rampart, saying, Dnieper, far-renowned! thou that amidst mountains of rock hast boldly broken through the land of the Polovtsi, once didst thou bear the ships of Swatoslav to the hordes of Kobyash. Bring me thou my husband, else soon shall I send him tears in the sea.

"Yaroslava weepeth early at Putivl, on the rampart, saying: Radiant, thrice-radiant sun, for all men art thou warm and fair. Dost thou bend thy glowing beams on my husband's host? upon the waterless plains thirstingly hast thou dried up their bows: misery hath closed their quivers."

The next division of the poem, the eleventh, thus describes the escape of Igor:—

"About midnight the sea roars, and water-pillars arise through the mist: but for Igor, the prince, God openeth a way back from the land of the Polovtsi to the Russian soil, to his ancestral golden throne. The evening-red has long faded: Igor hath arisen from the bands of sleep. In thought he measures the plain from the great Don to the little Donetz. His horse is waiting for him in the darkness, and Ovlur, his faithful servant, whisteth to him, bids him understand—and the prince had vanished!

"The earth trembles with the cry: the grass rustles, for the tents of the Polovtsi were struck. But Igor, like a weasel, slips nimbly into the sedge by the shore, dives like a white wild-duck, flings himself on his swift steed, leaps again like a barefooted wolf down from him, and speeds away to the plains of the Donetz, as the falcon flies through the mists. . . . Whilst Igor flew like a falcon, Ovlur ran like a wolf, dripping with cool night-dew."

The fugitives at last reach the banks of the Donetz:—

"Donets speaks: Prince Igor, great are thy renown, and Koutshak's anger, and Russia's joy. Igor speaks: O Donets, great also is thy renown, thou that borest the prince tossing on thy waves, and madest him a bed of green turf on the silver-clear banks, and coveredst him in warm vapour, under the shade of green trees. Thou guardest him like a wild-duck on the water, like a plover on the waves, like the drake in the air. Not so, he saith, did the Stugna: it hath malignant waves, and swallowed up many a stranger stream, and shattered many a ship among its bushes. The Dnieper also once closed her gloomy banks against the young Prince Rostislav—mournfully wept his mother, Rostislava, for the youngling, Rostislav. The flowers withered away for sorrow, and the grove, in its affliction, bowed itself to the earth: only the magpies chattered gaily.

"On the track of Igor, Gsak and Koutshak ride together: then the ravens croaked not: and the crow was silent; the magpie chattered not: only on the branches they swung to and fro. And the woodpecker, by its tapping, shows them the path to the river, and the nightingales, in joyfullest songs, proclaim the birth of light."

Then, alluding apparently to Vladimir (whom his father Igor had left in captivity, and who subsequently married Koutshak's daughter, christening her Svoboda, *freedom*), Gsak observes:—

"If the falcon gain his nest we will slay the young falcon with the golden arrow. But thus speaketh Koutshak to Gsak: 'If the falcon gain his nest we will take the young falcon with a lovely maiden.' Gsak thus replies: 'If we ensare him with a lovely maiden neither will the young falcon

nor the maiden remain our booty, for they will kill all the birds in the land of the Polovtsi.'

After another allusion to Boyan, this singular poem then concludes with the following paean:—

"High in heaven beams the sun. Igor is among his Russians. Maidens sing by the Danube: over the sea resound voices even unto Kiev. Prince Igor rideth over Boriksheva away to the holy Virgin (*Bogoroditschi*, God's-mother) of Pirogashchei. The lands rejoice, cities exult and sing, first a song to the aged prince, then another to the young one. Hail to Igor Svetoslavitch, to Vsevolod, the gallant wild-bull, and to Vladimir, Igor's son. Long live Prince and *Drushina*, who fought for the Christians against wild heathen swarms. May happiness befall Prince and *Drushina*. Amen!"

Without applying the standard of any school of criticism to a work so remote from our ordinary poetical experience, we shall merely allude to the strange selection of a national defeat for the subject of a national epic: to the spirit of intense mournfulness that pervades the composition; to the absence therefrom of all supernatural mechanism; and, finally, to the evidence it affords of the universal belief of the Slavi in the sympathy felt and expressed towards mankind, by what we consider the inanimate works of God.

On the whole, this poem well deserves attention. It is, we confess, in some places obscure, in others trivial. But so long as we draw life from the great deeds and thoughts of our forefathers, so long must we consent to receive at their hands much that appears both mean and useless. The Norus, according to the Scandinavian myth, refreshes the branches of the Mundane Tree with the mud as well as the waters of the fountain of the Past.

Stories in Verse. By Leigh Hunt. Now first Collected. Routledge and Co. Most of these are old stories now, the best known, the 'Story of Rimini,' having been written by Mr. Hunt when in durance vile for his attacks upon the Prince Regent in the 'Examiner.' Other poems carry us back to days 'when George was king,' but an attempt is made in a preface and occasional foot-notes to give a modern interest to the book. Thus the fragment of 'Cambus Khan,' the king of Tartary, and his wonderful horse of brass, suggests associations with the Russian war and the magic horse of iron and steam at Balaklava. The whole of the new introduction to the Poems is so thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Hunt, both in sentiment and in style, that we present one or two extracts by which readers who have sprung up since the days when he publicly flourished may take his measure as a man, and as a man of letters. The story of 'Cambus Khan' is the same that Milton refers to:—

"O call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscas bold,
Of Canball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride."

The version of Mr. Hunt thus commences:—

"At Sarra, in the land of Tartary,
There dwelt a king, and with the Russ war'd he,
Through which there perish'd many a doughty man;
And Cambus was he call'd, the noble Khan."

Now, thus is the story linked with passing interests, and utterance found for the author's personal feelings on topics of the time:—

"Chaucer's stories, in default of there being any

printed books and travelling carriages in those days, were related by travellers to one another, and as these stories will be read, and (I hope) shown to one another, by travellers who are descendants of those travellers, (see how the links thicken as we advance!) so one of Chaucer's stories concerned a wonderful Magic Horse; and now, one of the most wonderful of all such horses will be speeding my readers and me together to all parts of the kingdom, with a fire hitherto unknown to any horse whatsoever.

"How would the great poet have been delighted to see the creature!—and what would he not have said of it!

"I say 'creature,' because though your fiery Locomotive is a creation of man's, as that of the poet was, yet as the poet's 'wondrous Horse of Brass' was formed out of ideas furnished him by Nature, so, out of elements no less furnished by Nature, and the first secrets of which are no less amazing, has been formed this wonderful Magic Horse of Iron and Steam, which, with vitals of fire, clouds literally flowing from its nostrils, and a bulk, a rushing, and a panting like that of some huge antediluvian wild beast, is now heard and seen in all parts of the country, and in most parts of civilized Europe, breaking up the old grounds of alienation, and carrying with it the seeds of universal brotherhood.

"Verily, something even of another, but most grating link, starts up out of that reflection upon the poet's miracle; for the hero who rode his horse of brass made war with Russia; and we Englishmen, the creators of the Horse of Iron, are warring with the despot of the same barbarous country, pitting the indignant genius of civilization against his ruffianly multitudes.

'At Sarra, in the land of Tartaria,
There dwelt a king that warred Russie,
Through which there died many a doughty man.'

Many a doughty man, many a noble heart of captain and of common soldier, has perished in this new war against the old ignorance;—an ignorance that by its sullen persistence in rejecting the kindly advice of governments brave and great enough to be peaceful, forced the very enthusiasts of peace (myself among the number) into the conviction, that out of hatred and loathing of war itself, war must be made upon him. If a lunatic will not put down his sword, and there is no other mode of restraining him, the sword must put down the lunatic."

On Mr. Hunt's poems we are not going to offer any critical remarks, as they have so long been before the public, nor do we think them of so much importance as he claims for them, when he says "I am a little tired of helping incompetent critics to discover and overstate what is defective in me, and therefore shall leave them to gather the information where they can." One fault, not of defect but of commission, we notice in passing, of which the new preface and notes present striking instances, affecting Mr. Hunt's standing as a critic and commentator rather than as a poet. He wearis and provokes his readers by trifling remarks on matters too obvious and plain to call for elucidation. For instance, here is a whole page of comment on "the charming line in Chaucer:"—

"Uprose the sun, and uprose Emily."

"Now here are two simple matters of fact, which happen to occur simultaneously. The sun rises, and the lady rises at the same time. Well, what is there in that, some demanders of imaginative illustration will say? Nothing, answers one, but an hyperbole. Nothing, says another, but a conceit. It is a mere commonplace turn of gallantry, says a third. On the contrary, it is the reverse of all this. It is pure morning freshness, enthusiasm, and music. Writers, no doubt, may repeat it till it becomes a commonplace, but that is another matter. Its first sayer, the great poet, sees the brightest of material creatures, and the beautifulst of human creatures, rising at dawn at the same

time. He feels the impulse strong upon him to do justice to the appearance of both; and with gladness in his face, and music on his tongue, repeating the accent on a repeated syllable, and dividing the *rhythm* into two equal parts, in order to leave nothing undone to show the merit on both sides, and the rapture of his impartiality, he utters, for all time, his enchanting record.

"Now it requires animal spirits, or a thoroughly loving nature, to enjoy that line completely; and yet, on looking well into it, it will be found to contain (by implication) simile, analogy, and, indeed, every other form of imaginative expression, apart from that of direct illustrative words; which, in such cases, may be called needless commentary. The poet lets nature speak for herself. He points to the two beautiful objects before us, and is content with simply hailing them in their combination."

If there were a department of purgatory allotted to literary men, we would doom some authors who have wearied us to the study of an edition of Chaucer and other old authors, with notes by Leigh Hunt. Although we have made these remarks, and although we do not reckon Mr. Hunt's claims good to occupy a high place in standard English literature, we think his poems well worthy of republication for the object of the present volume, which is intended as a cheap book for railway readers. The matter is greatly superior to the contents of the majority of works prepared with this design. The poems will give pleasure to those who see them for the first time, and they will bear re-perusal by those who have formerly read them. This is more than can be said of nine-tenths of the poetry that has appeared since the story of Rimini was written.

Moredun: A Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten. By W. S. Sampson Low and Son.

[Second Notice.]

In our former notice of this novel (*ante*, p. 323), we have given an account of its alleged origin, and related the circumstances under which it has been published. M. Cabany's statements are straightforward, circumstantial, and consistent. Of his own belief in the genuineness of the manuscript in his possession there is no doubt, and he has ably replied to the attacks of objectors. With regard to the work itself we have more difficulty in coming to a satisfactory decision. The subject is quite such as would have been chosen by the author of 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' Some of the scenes are altogether in the style of Scott, who if he is not the author, has had a most skilful imitator. The book, as a whole, is certainly very inferior to the masterpieces of the great novelist, but it is equal to some of his later novels, and it is not impossible that in his younger days he tried his "prentice hand" on tales afterwards not deemed worthy of being acknowledged as by the author of Waverley. Romances founded on early history, and illustrative of ancient manners, he was from boyhood noted for composing, but it may have been later before he knew that his strength lay in the delineation of character. In the letter ascribed to Scott, in allowing his friend Spencer to obtain the manuscript, it is stated that he himself felt that "a mere story, which offers no particular merits but those of events and a plot, would not appear advantageously among works which had a higher object of painting character." And it is added that the story had been preserved chiefly because his daughter had taken an interest in it, and

retained it in her possession. All this may appear doubtful, but we are not in a position to pronounce it false. In reading the book we have noted a few passages as suspicious, and we miss the intensity of dramatic power which marks Scott's great novels. Our own impression was, that the substance of the story had been given by Scott, whilst it may have been filled up and prepared for publication by another. An examination of the manuscript would have satisfied us on this score, but on inquiry we find that the book has been printed from a transcript, specimen pages only being in the hands of the publishers, while M. Cabany retains possession of the original. The good faith of M. Cabany, at the same time, is evinced by his invitation to all who may wish to examine the manuscript, which has from the first been open to public inspection.* The following passage will be regarded either as an imitation of that where Locksley appears in 'Ivanhoe,' or as an earlier description of a similar scene. Sports are exhibiting before the English King John, who has been holding a conference with William of Scotland near the borders:—

"The sports now began; and the day being fine, and everything going on well, the countenances of the royal party began gradually to brighten up a little as they became more and more interested in the proceedings. In that interest, the son of Macduff the piper partook so largely, that he seemed to have forgotten the purpose which, according to his own account, had enrolled him there as a spectator.

"When it came to the turn of the archers, the Englishmen, whose bows were longer than those of the Scots, and their arrows heavier, had evidently the advantage at long distances; and the acclamations of the spectators, in testimony of it, was highly pleasing to the English monarch.

"The Lady Isabella must own," he said, bending forward, "that if in some of the sports our English yeomen cannot equal in agility your lithe-limbed Highlanders, they excel them, and even your Lowlanders, in the manly exercise of the bow."

"We aim neither so far nor so high in our poor country," the Lady Isabella recommended, when, observing a shade come over the countenance of the king, she added—"Nay, your Majesty, I had no figurative allusion in what I said; I but meant, that in our narrow valleys, and in our mountain passes, light implements and light accoutrements are more suited to the nature of the country than in England, with her wide plains and gentle eminences."

"It was perhaps the length of the aim which sent them beyond the mark in France," King William, who was within hearing, remarked to De Bosco.

"John affected not to hear it; but he bit his lips, and kept silence longer than usual.

"As the acclamations of the crowd were again rising when an English archer sent his shaft right into the centre of the bull's eye, one of the 'lads in green,' who had been remarked by Wilburn and Boynton earlier in the day, fought his way through the crowd, entered the lists; and after bowing respectfully towards the royal stand, selected an arrow from his quiver, poised it carefully, placed it on its rest, and seemingly without much effort, and with an appearance of great indifference, drew it to its head, and sent it right upon the last shot arrow, cleaving it in two. In the midst of the deafening shouts which arose on the performance of this feat, the other 'green man,' following the example of his companion, took aim with the same careless bearing, and in his turn split the shaft of his brother-in-arms.

* Since writing the above we have received a letter from M. Cabany, politely inviting us to inspect the manuscript at his Bureau, Société des Archivistes de France.

"Who are these young men, brother of Scotland?" John said, addressing King William; "they are wondrous like some of those fellows of Sherwood's forest, to whom my brother of valiant memory was foolish enough to grant an amnesty."

"In truth I know not," William said; "but address Moredun, he added, "order one of thy men to bring these archers before us here, to receive the prize they have so well gained."

Of many border scenes and customs there are descriptions, such as could only be given by one familiar with these parts, and versed in their lore and traditions. The locality of "The Rhymer's Glen" is thus introduced by the character of an old minstrel, by whom Moredun was recognised:

"Ere Moredun could recover himself sufficiently to address him, the minstrel looked up again, and repeated—

"I knew thou wouldst come again! They tell me my wits are gone, and that I have seen thee bleed and die! But do I not see thee?—do I not hold thee in my embrace? Yet strange visions come over me, and at times—yes, at times—but do not say so to them!—here he almost whispered in the ear of Moredun—"I too have thought thee dead. Oh! speak to me, let me hear again that voice. Yet no, no—with thy voice the vision might again depart. But thou art not dead. Shall I sing to thee that strain thou lovedst so well? no, it was not thee, it was her; and the poor minstrel sang something in this strain—

"And she'd him dead,
And the mass was said,
And the dirge was sung on high;
The response was given
From the vaulted heaven,
That the valiant never die."

"Is it not so? I said thou wouldst come again, yet she believed me not, for—

"Many an hour,
In her hall and bower,
That lady did weep and mourn;
They wished her wed—
She smiled sad, and said—
'Ah! the valiant never return!'

"Nay, speak not—listen! I have waited, and see, see what follows—mark—

"And he came to the bower
At the evening hour,
When the lady ne'er deem'd him nigh;
My heart, she cried,
To the heavens replied—
'No, the valiant never die!'

"Hush! don't speak—lie quiet; I shall tell them thou art gone. Hush!—hush!—

"They sought in the dungeon's farthest cell,
In its chambers the most remote:
In the straw where the toad and the viper dwell—
In the maut and the well they sought.
The iron clank'd, and a hollow sound
To their footsteps' tread replied;
For the captive was gone, and the chains were unbound
Where many before him had died!

"Take the path to the right. I shall glide here under cover of the walls."

"And the songster slipped away, at first gently, and then ran down the path, where his notes were again heard waking the echoes in the 'Rhymer's Glen,' accompanying stanzas, which, ages afterwards, were turned into a rude strain of vulgar prophecy, the interpretation of which formed an important branch of the 'wisdom of our ancestors.'"

The leading historical points of the novel will be gathered from the following account of a scene that took place in the Moot-hall, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when the mysterious Maelstrom discovers himself to the King of England:—

"William the Lion, thou seest lying here as thy prisoner, Isaac, King of Cyprus.

King William and all his court simultaneously arose as they heard these words, but Maelstrom motioned to them to resume their seats, with the air of one accustomed to receive homage, as he thus continued—

"Dethroned by Richard the Lion-hearted, it was this hand which directed the arrow from the walls of Chalus, that laid low the noblest, but the

proudest and cruellest heart in Christendom. I vowed revenge, and I kept my vow."

"A shudder ran throughout the whole court; for although England was then considered almost as the natural enemy of Scotland, Richard had been universally looked to as the chief or king of chivalry.

"Ye may well look aghast,—for it was to make room for the basest heart that e'er beat in a royal bosom, and the weakest hand which ever held a sceptre.

"But I had a deeper cause of hatred to move me than the loss of a throne;—he took from me twin sisters, Princesses of Circassia, whom I had taken captive with my sword and with my bow—the fairest captives which e'er the sun shone upon:—one of them lieth there."

"As Godfrey removed the pall, and showed the transcendently beautiful woman, clothed in the white drapery which on many occasions she had worn so gracefully, murmurs of admiration rose from the crowded court, and many an eye was dimmed as it gazed on the lovely form.

"The twin sisters," Maelstrom resumed, "were deceived with the forms of marriage by Richard and his brother John. The Princess Ada here was betrothed to Richard—their son, the knight of Moredun, is at thy side, King William, as he was in the hour of peril. His mother was made a widow by my hands, and our son, Godfrey of Ettrick, standeth beside me here. Her sister, Zillah, and her child, were strangled by the minions of her husband."

"The feelings of the audience were now worked up to the highest pitch; but the King of Cyprus went on—

"I was unknown personally to King John, and under the name of Maelstrom I became nominally one of his tools,—actually a frustrator of his plots, in league with her here, whom he and his brother betrayed.

"To this end I became the captain of a band of contrabandists; and, in league with Wladislas, King of Bohemia and Moravia, who had renounced the throne of those unhappy countries, and taken refuge in the disputed territory between England and Scotland, I had laid a mine which would have shaken the vacillating tyrant from his throne. It hath pleased the Ruler of all to unfold it prematurely. But if John hath escaped, it hath not been scathless, and Scotland hath been rescued from his grasp."

"Observing symptoms of a demonstration of feeling on the part of the people, he said—

"Let me entreat those who hear me to maintain silence; my strength is failing me, and I have still much to disclose. Call Wladislas of Ettrick into court, with the Princess Jean of Anjou, and her daughter, the Lady Anne of Bedford."

"A door at the back of the dais was thrown open, and the chief of Ettrick entered, conducting the two ladies, followed by Blondel. A murmur of astonishment ran through the court when in the Lady Anne was recognised Deborah of the Crown and Anchor.

"The scene which the Moot-hall of Newcastle-upon-Tyne presented at that moment was in the highest degree interesting, impressive, and extraordinary. An Eastern monarch laid in the centre of the hall, a weak, helpless prisoner, accused of crimes of the deepest dye, yet restoring confidence, hope, and happiness to bosoms which he himself had been accused of wounding; the companion of lawless men, the perpetrator of deeds of darkness, summoning monarchs to be his judges, and looking with calmness and confidence for their verdict—claiming as his son—and that son proud of the appellation—the accepted suitor of the undoubted heiress of the English throne, and pointing to the most queenly form which ever graced a throne or bore a sceptre, as the companion of all his intrigues, of his dangers, and of his ambition; his retinue, the bowmen of Ettrick forest—his most alarmed listeners, the flower of the Scottish nobility and court. Overlooking this singular group, the King and Queen of Scotland stood, encircling in their

embrace their newly-restored son—scarcely conscious of whether they owed his disappearance or his restoration to the individual before them. The abdicator of the throne of Bohemia, the English princess, supposed to lie buried at Clairvaux, and her fair and blooming daughter, forming another royal group; the nobles of the Scottish court and their ladies, in full court costume, ranged on each side of the ample hall—and above all, the wide gallery filled with the citizens and the yeomen, with their wives and daughters, all in the gay holiday dresses of the period—it was a scene, take it for all in all, such as the banks of coaly Tyne never had before, and never could again witness."

The chapter from which this is taken concludes thus, the speakers being well-marked and striking characters throughout the story:—

"When Adam Peebles, Thomas Macduff, and Malcom Beg had shut the door of their chamber in the Wool-pack that evening—

"Weel, Adam," Macduff said, "what think ye o' this day's proceedings? For me, I newt expectedither o' Allan o' Galway—what's bred in the bane is no easily ta'en out o' the flesh; and even when he was a breckless callant, setting pies on the streets o' Renfrew, he would nibble aff bits o' the crust, thinking his customers would never miss them. But as to Earl Davie, that skelit pow' o' his betokened better things."

"Indeed, Tam," Adam rejoined, "the langer I live, the mair truth I find in the remarks my mither had aye ready. Adam, she used to say, still waters are deep; and, It's the quiet sow that eats a' the draf—sayings which, on the present occasion, I would apply thus. Choose a hasty man for your friend rather than a man ye cannae see through; and never tak into your counsel a man that has a personal interest in the question ye've got to discuss; for, if he be honest, he begins by deceiving himself, and ends by deceiving you. There's no a class in society wi' which we are sae little acquainted as wi' ourselves. But what says our quiet neebour Malcolm to a' this?"

"Deed, lads," Malcolm replied, "I never began to think till about a week ago; and I've a notion that I've thought as mucle in that week as will sain me in the way o' reflection till I get a wife, at any rate. And the upshot o' my deliberations has been, that there are some honest rogues in the world, but a great mony mair roguish honest men."

These extracts may suffice to show that "Moredun," apart from the question of its authorship, is a historical romance superior in matter and style to the average of modern novels. While critics are disputing about the title-page, the book itself will be perused with interest by many readers.

Nature and Human Nature. By the Author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker." Hurst and Blackett.

One might fairly have expected the peculiar vein of Sam Slick's humour to be worked out by this time, and we confess that we began the perusal of these volumes with some misgiving. But we soon found that our old friend was as rich in fun and racy in talk as ever; and if the freshness of novelty is wanting, there is compensation in the mature knowledge of life and character. There is more wisdom, and not less wit, in this than in any of Judge Haliburton's previous works. It is only in regard to the style that a feeling of staleness will occur; the shrewd observation and sound sense of the author are more than ever displayed. In "Nature and Human Nature" he has a theme wide and inexhaustible. The true philosophy of knowledge of human nature, the same in essentials all the world over, however diversified in superficial

details, is thus amusingly declared by Sam Slick in his observations on a woman's heart, and the way into it :—

"This universal globe is all alike in a general way, and the knowledge that is sufficient for one country will do for all the rest of it, with some slight variations. Now, you may be a very good pilot on this coast, but your knowledge is no use to you on the shores of England. A land pilot is a fool if he makes shipwreck wherever he is, but the best of coast pilots when he gets on a strange shore is as helpless as a child. Now a woman is a woman all over the world, whether she speaks Gaelic, French, Indian, or Chinese; there are various entrances to her heart, and if you have experience, you have got a compass which will enable you to steer through one or the other of them, into the inner harbour of it. Now, minister used to say that Eve in Hebrew meant talk, for providence gave her the power of chattyfication on purpose to take charge of that department. Clack then you see is natural to them, talk therefore to them as they like, and they will soon like to talk to you. If a woman was to put a Bramah lock on her heart, a skilful man would find his way into it if he wanted to, I know. That contrivance is set to a particular word; find the letters that compose it, and it opens at once. The moment I heard the Gaelic, I knew I had discovered the cipher—I tried it and succeeded. Tell you what, Pilot, love and skill laugh at locks, for them that can't be opened can be picked. The mechanism of the human heart, when you thoroughly understand it, is like all the other works of nature, very beautiful, very wonderful, but very simple. When it does not work well, the fault is not in the machinery, but in the management."

In a chapter on 'Clippers and Steamers,' there are some capital sketches of sailors and of life at sea, drawn with more soberness than many of the lighter scenes of the book :—

"Sailors are characters; they are men of the world, there is great self-reliance in them. They have to fight their way in life through many trials and difficulties, and their trust is in God and their own strong arm. They are so much in their own element, they seem as if they were born on the sea, cradled on its billows, and like Mother Carey's chickens, delighted in its storms and mountain waves. They walk, talk, and dress differently from landsmen. They straddle as they pace the deck, so as to brace the body, and keep their trowsers up at the same time; their gait is loose, and their dress loose, and their limbs loose; indeed, they are rather too fond of *slack*. They climb like monkeys, and depend more on their paws than their legs. They tumble up, but never down. They count, not by fingers, it is tedious, but by hands; they put a part for the whole, and call themselves hands, for they are paid for the use of them, and not their heads.

"Though they are two-handed, they are not close-fisted fellows. They despise science, but are fond of practical knowledge. When the sun is over the foreyard, they know the time of day as well as the captain, and call for their grog, and when they lay back their heads, and turn up the bottom of the mug to the sky, they call it in derision taking an observation. But though they have many characteristics in common, there is an individuality in each that distinguishes him from the rest. He stands out in bold relief—I by myself, I. He feels and appreciates his importance. He knows no plural. The word 'our' belongs to landsmen; 'my' is the sailor's phrase—my ship, my captain, my messmate, my watch on deck, 'my eyes!' 'you lubber, don't you know that's *me*?' I like to listen to their yarns, and their jokes, and to hear them sing their simple ditties. The odd mixture of manliness and childishness—of boldness and superstitious fears; of preposterous claims for wages and thoughtless extravagance; of obedience and discontent, all goes to make the queer compound called 'Jack.' How often have I laughed over the fun of the forecastle in these small fore and aft packets of oun! and I think I

would back that place for wit against any bar-room in New York or New Orleans, and I believe they take the rag off of all creation. * * *

"Then I like a Sunday at sea in a vessel like this, and a day like this, when the men are all clean and tidy, and the bell rings for prayers, and all hands are assembled aft, to listen to the captain as he reads the church service. It seems like a family scene. It reminds me of dear old minister and days gone by, when he used to call us round him, and repeated to us the promise, 'that when two or three were gathered together in God's name, he would grant their request.' The only difference is, sailors are more attentive and devout than landsmen. They seem more conscious that they are in the Divine presence. They have little to look upon but the heavens above and the boundless ocean around them. Both seem made on purpose for them—the sun to guide them by day, and the stars by night, the sea to bear them on its bosom, and the breeze to waft them on their course. They feel how powerless they are of themselves; how frail their bark; how dependent they are on the goodness and mercy of their Creator, and that it is He alone who can rule the tempest and control the stormy deep. Their impressions are few, but they are strong. It is the world that hardens the heart, and the ocean seems apart from it.

"They are noble fellows, sailors, and I love them; but, Cutler, how are they used, especially where they ought to be treated best, on board of men-of-war? The moment a ship arrives in port, the anchor cast and the sails furled—what does the Captain do? the popular Captain, too, the idol of the men; he who is so kind, and so fond of them. Why, he calls them aft, and says, 'Here, my lads, here is lots of cash for you, now be off ashore and enjoy yourselves.' And they give three cheers for their noble commander—their good-hearted officer—the sailor's friend—the jolly old blue jacket, and they bundle into the boats, and on to the beach, like school-boys. And where do they go? Well, we won't follow them, for I never was in them places where they do go, and so I can't describe them, and one thing I must say, I never yet found any place answer the picture drawn of it. But if half only of the accounts are true that I have heard of them, they must be the devil's own seminaries of vice—that's a fact. Every mite and morsel as bad as the barrack scenes that we read of lately.

"Well, at the end of a week, back come the sailors. They have had a glorious lark and enjoyed themselves beyond anything in the world, for they are pale, sick, sleepy, tired out, cleaned out, and kicked out, with black eyes, broken heads, swelled cheeks, minus a few teeth, half their clothes, and all their money.

"'What,' says the Captain, 'what's the matter with you, Tom Marlin, that you limp so like a lame duck?'

"'Nothing, your honour,' says Tom, twitching his forelock, and making a scrape with his hind leg, 'nothing, your honour, but a scratch from a bogganet.'

"'What! a fight with the soldiers, eh? The cowardly rascals to use their side arms!'

"'We cleared the house of them, sir, in no time.'

"'That's right. Now go below, my lads, and turn in, and get a good sleep. I like to see my lambs enjoy themselves. It does my heart good.'

"'And yet, Cutler, that man is said to be a father to his crew.'

"'Slick,' said Cutler, 'what a pity it is you wouldn't always talk that way!'

The Sailors' Homes now establishing in many seaport towns will lessen some of the sad scenes referred to in the latter part of the foregoing description. We trust that institutions so admirable are being provided in America as well as in England. The chapter ends with a piece of Sam Slick's peculiar humour :—

"'Cutler,' said I, 'come back, that's a good fellow, and I'll tell you a story. It's a short one, and will just fill up the space between this and

tea-time. It is in illustration of what you was a sayin', that it aint always fair weather sailing in this world. There was a jack-tar once to England who had been absent on a whaling voyage for nearly three years, and he had hardly landed when he was ordered off to sea again, before he had time to go home and see his friends. He was a lamentin' this to a shipmate of his, a serious-minded man, like you.

"Sais he, 'Bill, it breaketh my heart to have to leave agin arter this fashion. I havn't seen Polly now goin' on three years, nor the little un either.' And he actilly piped his eye.

"'It seemeth hard, Tom,' said Bill, tryin' to comfort him; 'it seemeth hard; but I'm an older man nor you be, Tom, the matter of several years;' and he gave his trowsers a twitch. (You know they don't wear galluses, though a gallus holds them up sometimes,) shifted his quid, gave his nor-wester a pull over his forehead, and looked solemncholly, 'and my experience, Tom, is, that this life aint all beer and skittles.'

"Cutler, there is a great deal of philosophy in that maxim: a preacher couldn't say as much in a sermon an hour long, as there is in that little story with that little moral reflection at the eend of it.

"'This life aint all beer and skittles.' Many a time since I heard that anecdote—and I heard it in Kew Gardens, of all places in the world—when I am disappointed sadly I say that saw over, and console myself with it. I can't expect to go thro' the world, Cutler, as I have done: stormy days, long and dark nights are before me. As I grow old I shant be so full of animal spirits as I have been. In the natr of things I must have my share of aches, and pains, and disappointment, as well as others; and when they come, nothing will better help me to bear them than that little, simple reflection of the sailor, which appeals so directly to the heart. Sam, this life aint all beer and skittles, that's a fact."

In one place there is an account given of the condition and the prospects of British North America, on the truth of which reliance may be placed, though the importance of these colonies is, as the author justly observes, too little known either in America or in England :—

"Now, Doctor, I'll tell you what, neither the English nor the Yankees, nor the colonists themselves know anything of, and that is about the extent and importance of these North American provinces under British rule. Take your pencil now, and write down a few facts I will give you, and when you are alone meditating, just chew on 'em.

"First—there are four millions of square miles of territory in them, whereas all Europe has but three millions some odd hundred thousands, and our almighty, everlastin United States still less than that again. Canada alone is equal in size to Great Britain, France, and Prussia. The maritime provinces themselves cover a space as large as Holland, Belgium, Greece, Portugal, and Switzerland, all put together. The imports for 1853 were between ten and eleven millions, and the exports (ships sold included) between nine and ten millions. At the commencement of the American revolution, when we first dared the English to fight us, we had but two and a half, these provinces now contain nearly three, and in a half a century will reach the enormous amount of eighteen millions of inhabitants. The increase of population in the States is thirty-three per cent., in Canada sixty-eight. The united revenue is nearly a million and a half, and their shipping amounts to four hundred and fifty thousand tons.

"Now, take these facts and see what an empire is here, surely the best in climate, soil, mineral, and other productions, in the world, and peopled by such a race as no other country under heaven can produce. No, sir, here are the bundle of sticks; all they want is to be well united. How absurd it seems to us Yankees, that England is both so ignorant and so blind to her own interests, as not to give her attention to this interesting por-

tion of the empire, that in natural and commercial wealth is of infinitely more importance than half-a-dozen Wallachias and Moldavias, and in loyalty, intelligence, and enterprise, as far superior to turbulent Ireland as it is possible for one country to surpass another. However, Doctor, it's no affair of mine. I hate politics, and I hate talking figures. Spain we try a cigar, and some white satin."

Great as are the resources of this magnificent country, it is not every one who will prosper as a settler in it. The author gives hints and warnings on the subject of emigration worthy of being well considered. The story of the English officer who sold out of the army when his regiment was stationed at Halifax, and settled with his family at the Cucumber Lake, is a truly touching narrative. If that chapter were a little extended, and published separately in the form of a tale, it would have universal popularity, and would be widely useful. With the exception of Johnson's 'Rasselas,' we never read a more affecting homily on the vanity of human life. We cannot do justice to the story by detached extracts, and therefore only give the plain moral with which it concludes:—

"What a sad picture," said the Doctor.

"Well, it's true though," said I, "ain't it?"

"I never was at Cucumber Lake," said he, smiling, "but I have known several similar failures. The truth is, Mr. Slick, though I needn't tell you, for you know better than I do, our friend Steele began at the right and Dechamps at the wrong end. The poor native ought always to go to the woods, the emigrant or gentleman never; the one is a rough and ready man; he is at home with an axe, and is conversant as well with the privations and requirements, as with the expedients and shifts of forest life; his condition is ameliorated every year, and in his latter days he can afford to rest from his labours; whereas, if he buys what is called a half-improved farm, and is unable to pay for it at the time of the purchase, the mortgage is almost sure to ruin him at last. Now a man of means who retires to the country is wholly unfit for a pioneer, and should never attempt to become one; he should purchase a farm ready made to his hands, and then he has nothing to do but to cultivate and adorn it. It takes two generations, at least, to make such a place as he requires. The native again is one of a class, and the most necessary one too in the country; the people sympathise with him, aid and encourage him. The emigrant-gentleman belongs to no class, and wins no affection; he is kindly received and judiciously advised by people of his own standing in life, but he affects to consider their counsel obtrusive and their society a bore; he is therefore suffered to proceed his own way, which they all well know, as it has been so often travelled before, leads to ruin. They pity, but they can't assist him. Yes, yes; your sketch of 'Epaigwit' is so close to nature, I shouldn't wonder if many a man who reads it should think he sees the history of his own place under the name of 'the Cucumber Lake.'"

Although we are so much pleased with the book in general, we must not omit to mention its faults. We regret still to observe a needless levity and irreverence in the introduction of some subjects which it would have been in better taste to have omitted. There are also too many old jokes, scarcely good enough to be repeated, and needlessly swelling the bulk of the book. Of this sort is the Irishman's charging his blunderbuss with six cartridges, to make sure work, and giving warning of further consequences, after his own arm was broke by the recoil, for "there are five more shots in her yet, sir." Quotations, also, are too often blundered. Thus we have "parcere subjectis, et debilitate superbos," for "debella;" and a few sentences further on, an out-of-the-way place is described as being

"extra flammantia limina mundi," instead of "mania," as in the original. Even familiar English poetry is not given correctly, as where it is written "doomed," instead of "born" to blush unseen." Other misquotations may probably be purposely made, as part of the peculiarity of the writer; but a little more care should have been shown in editing and revising the work.

NOTICES.

The Spirit of the Bible; or, the Nature and Value of the Jewish and Christian Scripture Discriminated, from an Analysis of their Several Books. By Edward Higginson. Vol. II. Whitfield.

Of the design of this work, and the manner in which it is executed, we spoke with general approval when the first part appeared. In this volume, which completes the work, the several books of the Apocryphal writings and of the New Testament are analysed and described. For the information given on historical and doctrinal, as well as philological and critical subjects, Mr. Higginson's book will be valuable to biblical students. As in the case of the former volume, so now, we object to some of the conclusions of the author, and think that he is too much inclined to what is well understood by the term rationalistic criticism. We have no objection to the spirit of rational inquiry on theological tenets, which are too often received with blind and traditional belief, without any sound investigation. But we are satisfied also that the most thorough research and the soundest philosophy lead to different results from those of rationalistic theologians. They hope to make all that is mysterious and inexplicable gradually disappear from the study of the scriptures. To those who have only a little philosophy this seems probable and desirable. But men of highest science, those who are imbued deeply with the spirit of the Baconian philosophy, know how visionary are such views. Bishop Butler's masterly arguments in the 'Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion' might spare the rationalists many a fruitless effort. He shows how in the commonest things of outward nature there are difficulties inexplicable to human intelligence, and how unreasonable it is to expect all difficulties to be absent in the study of revealed truth. Mere book-scholars and speculative metaphysicians, however great their learning or ability, may be staggered by the sceptical arguments of rationalists, but Mr. Higginson will find that they are counted of little weight by men like Brewster, Whewell, Faraday, and those who are versed in the principles of inductive philosophy.

The New Pastoral. In Thirty-seven Books. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Tribbner and Co.

THIS American poem treats of very homely subjects in very homely strains. The prose, as distinguished from the romance of history and of life, is here put into the form of poetry. We cannot speak with critical severity of a work which is pervaded by a truly excellent spirit, and contains passages of no common merit. But we must say that the plan of the poem displays singular want of judgment, so far as ambition of fame and not merely pleasure of composition may have influenced the writer. In poetry we expect the realities of nature and of life to be somewhat idealised. To select and generalise and group details is the art of the poet as it is of the painter, except where a professed description is being drawn up or a portrait taken. Mr. Read's purpose of painting 'American life' was good, but instead of giving select sketches, he presents a whole panorama of the details of common life:—

"That middle life, between the hut and palace,
Twixt squalid ignorance and splendid vice;
Above, by many rods of moral moves,
The Indian's want, and happily below—
If the superior may be called below—
The purple and fine linen — the broad plain,
Where rests the base of our protecting walls,
Where many labour, though but few take note,
And prop the world, as pillars prop a dome.
Of trial and of triumph is my song,
Of maidens fair and matronhood sublime,
Of iron men who build the golden future,—

Heroic wills, by which the hugest oak
Is broken like a sapling; and to which
The wilderness, the rank and noxious swamps,
In hospitable hills, renouncing all
The incumbrances of ages, bow and bear
The burthen of the harvest.—This my song."

From quiet village courtship to noisy electioneering politics, all the ordinary routine of American rural life is described, often in very prosaic style, as might be expected. Thus commences one of the books:—

"Where now Olivia, joined by her one friend
And confidant, Amy, the wheelwright's daughter,
Turns from the church, a youth from yonder town,
The village of the vale, the postman's son,
With courteous greeting, unobscured bestows
Amissive blurred with foreign stamps, through which
The cyphers of her name are dimly seen.
Swift darts the flush across her cheek and brow;
Her brain is reeling with the sudden joy;
She clasps the letter as 'twere Arthur's hand,
Then slips it in her bosom, where it hears
The impatient fluttering of her happy heart.
Both silently pursue their homeward walk,
With arm affectionate at each other's waist."

We give one passage where the spirit of poetry breaks forth, in a prophetic anticipation of the changes on the face of the remote parts of the country:—

"Afar the woods before the vision files—
Swift as a shadow o'er the meadow grass
Chased by the sunshine—and a realm of farms
Overspreads the country wide; where many a spire
Springs to the valleys, and on distant hills,
The watch-towers of the land. Here quiet herds
Shall crop the ample pasture, and on slopes
Doze through the summer moon. While every beast
Which prowls, a terror to the frontier fold,
Shall only live in some remembered tale,
Told by Tradition in the lighted hall,
When the red grate usurps the wooded hearth.
Here shall the city spread its noisy streets,
And groaning steamers chafe along the wharves;
While hourly o'er the plain, with streaming plume,
Like a swift herald bringing news of peace.
The rattling train shall fly; and from the East—
E'en from the Atlantic to the new-found shores
Where far Pacific rolls, in storm or rest,
Washing his sands of gold—the arroyo track
Shall stretch its iron bond through all the land.
Then these inferior plains shall be as they
Which hear the ocean roar. And northern lakes
Shall bear their produce, and return them wealth
And Mississippi, father of the floods,
Perform their errands to the Mexic Gulf,
And send them back the tropic bales and fruits.
Then shall the generations musing here,
Dream of the troublous days before their time;
And antiquaries point the very spot
Where rose the first rude cabin, and the space
Where stood the forest-chapel with its graves,
And where the earliest marriage rites were said."

The passage commencing with these lines is worthy of the theme, and shows that Mr. Read was capable of writing a good poem, had its plan been formed with judgment. He should have carried his imitation of Thomson's 'Seasons' to the form as well as the spirit of his poem, and made it consist of four books, instead of *'Thirty-seven'*! In a shorter poem there would have been probably more beauties, and certainly fewer faults.

Our Anglo-Indian Army: a Military History of the British Empire in the East. By Captain Rafter. Bryce.

From the best authorities on Indian affairs, such as Thornton, Mill, Wilson, Malcolm, and Orme, Captain Rafter has derived the materials for his book, which presents a concise and connected narrative of the military history of the British empire in the East. The story of the Anglo-Indian army, for the last hundred years, is full of romantic interest—the names of Clive, Lake, Wellesley, Ochterlony, Sale, Nott, Napier, Gough, and other illustrious generals, recalling events rarely surpassed in the military annals of any nation or time. The author, who formerly served in India, has special qualifications for writing, in a popular form, the history of the Anglo-Indian army; and his work will be found instructive to the young military student, as well as attractive to the general reader. Great attention is now given in this country to the affairs of India; yet there are many who are scarcely aware that the Anglo-Indian army numbers upwards of three hundred thousand men, of all arms, in the highest state of discipline and efficiency; and it is only under the pressure of public opinion, during the present war, that the

Government has recognised the professional position of the officers of this army. The various stages by which the high military character of the Anglo-Indian army has been attained are described with vigour and clearness in Captain Rafter's volume, which brings the narrative down to the close of the last Sikh war. We have been often accustomed in England to speak of "the forty years' peace," too unmindful of the great military events that have been taking place in India since the battle of Waterloo. The wide circulation of a popular volume like the present will cause greater justice to be done to the Anglo-Indian army, and may, perhaps, also strengthen that public opinion which alone will compel the Government to avail themselves of the military talent and experience acquired in that distant field.

A Glance behind the Grilles of Religious Houses in France. Lumley.

Of the multitudes of English tourists who cross the channel every year, not one in hundred takes any interest in the religious institutions of the country. They visit cathedrals noted for grandeur of architecture, chapels which contain celebrated paintings, and sometimes a public hospital or school receives a cursory inspection. But there are few even of those whose object in travelling is to learn something of foreign life and institutions who devote time to gather information respecting the religious houses and institutions, which do honour to the zeal and charity of the Gallican church. England, with a purer faith and greater wealth, is in many works of practical piety immeasurably behind some of the papal countries of the Continent. The labours of the sisters of charity in the hospitals and public institutions sufficiently prove this statement, and in the present volume will be found detailed accounts of a multitude of ways in which religious zeal finds scope in eleemosynary, educational, and other practical and useful forms of charity. Aversion to the doctrinal dogmas of Romanists has hitherto prevented the authorities of the English church from deriving benefit from the experience of France in many admirable public institutions. In this work, by an Anglican clergyman, much information is communicated, and the book will serve as a guide to others who may wish to carry out the investigations. Of the spirit in which the book is written we do not approve, the writer being one of those who think that ceremonies and observances constitute religion, and who is anxious that the Church of England should be assimilated to "the sister church" of Rome; but the facts recorded deserve every attention, and what things are obviously good in the organization of practical piety in France ought to be imitated in this country. We may add that the work is written in a most agreeable and lively style.

SUMMARY.

Of Meditations and Moral Sketches, by M. Guizot, written and published some years ago, a translation appears (Hodges and Smith, Dublin), by the Marquis of Ormonde, who, in his introductory remarks, points out the importance of the views of the French statesman in reference to existing ecclesiastical and political.

A religious tale, *My Brother's Keeper* (Nisbet and Co.), is reprinted from the monthly periodical, "Excelsior." It is a tale excellent in its tone, and written in a simple and pleasant style. A theological treatise *On the Sovereignty of God*, by the Rev. John Boyd (Johnstone and Hunter), contains a full and able exposition of this department of divine truth, according to the Augustinian and Calvinistic views of scriptural interpretation. Under the title of *The Southern Cross and the Southern Crown*, by Miss Tucker (Nisbet and Co.), a popular narrative is given of the history and results of the various missionary establishments in New Zealand, where the direct agency of Christianity has done much for civilizing and improving the Maori race. The proofs of the benefits produced by missionary efforts in remote regions in our own time ought to check the thoughtless hostility to such works of Christian

philanthropy which some of our literary men are too apt to indulge in. Even Mr. Dickens has stooped to this small wit against foreign missions, covering the ridicule with the argument that there is plenty of work for benevolence at home without going to the ends of the earth. The same might have been said in ancient times of our own once barbarous island, and Britain might have been left in heathenism because apostolic men could find enough to occupy them in Jerusalem and Rome. Happily it was otherwise determined, and the results ought to encourage missionary enterprise in regions as likely to be benefited thereby as Britain was in the days of the first Caesars. *Thoughts on Sabbath Schools*, by Hugh Barclay (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), contains remarks and suggestions on this important branch of educational usefulness. The paper is reprinted from the "Edinburgh Christian Magazine." An Address *On the Royal Proclamation for a Fast Day*, by the Rev. J. Binney (Ward and Co.), while acknowledging the Divine power in all human affairs, protests against ascribing to a supernatural origin the effects of folly, neglect, and mismanagement on the part of statesmen, rulers, generals, or others in authority.

In Vol. VI., part 2, of "The Journal of the Geological Society of Dublin," is given the Annual Address by the President, Joseph Beete Jukes, M.A., F.R.S., in which a tribute of high and discriminating praise is paid to the memory of Professor Edward Forbes. Mr. Jukes mentions in a note that Forbes had planned an elementary treatise on Geology, for their joint authorship, in which he would have given a condensed account of the principles, laws, and results of paleontological science. A very good summary of some of Professor Forbes' contributions to geological science is presented in this address, which we commend to the notice of his biographer.

Reprinted from the "American Home Journal," of which the author is one of the editors, is a series of sketches, by N. P. Willis, *Out-doors at Idlewild; or, the Shaping of a Home on the Banks of the Hudson* (Trübner and Co.), containing thoroughly American pictures of scenery, life, and feeling, with minuteness of detail instructive to English readers, and likely to be of practical use to settlers in similar localities to those described in the book, and especially to invalids, for whose benefit many of the letters are written. Another volume, more miscellaneous in its contents, from the same source, is entitled *The Rag-bag; a Collection of Ephemera* (Trübner and Co.), a book of most varied and entertaining reading. These ephemeral papers are more suited to the style of Mr. Willis than books of a more formal character, and we have been greatly pleased with some of the light and lively fragments from the "Rag-bag."

In Routledge's series of cheap original novels, appears a naval story of the Crimean war, *The Pride of the Mess*, by the author of "Cavendish" (Routledge and Co.), a smartly written book, in the latter part of which advantage is taken of the interest felt in the memorable events of the winter campaign in the Crimea. On some points, such, for example, as the position of surgeons, in chapter 36, sensible and practical remarks for the good of the service are offered.

By another cheap publishing house (Kent and Co.), is issued a volume entitled *The Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern*, one of the sprightliest and most popular American writers of the day. Of Sarah Payson Willis, sister of Nathaniel P. Willis, a brief biographical memoir is prefixed, followed by a selection from her writings in periodical literature, and in various publications. The publishers state that for the copyright of the American edition of this book eight thousand dollars were offered, a proof of the popularity of "Fanny Fern," and of the avidity with which books of the class are sought in the United States.

In a little volume, *Sisters of Charity, and some Visits with them*, being letters to a friend in England (Masters), some account is given of these associations in France, their order and management; and in *Notes on Nurses* (Baillière) practical suggestions

on the subject are addressed to English ladies. The former treatise strongly advocates the necessity for association under ecclesiastical order; the latter shows, for the experience of the hospitals in the East, that it is quite practicable for ladies to be usefully and honourably employed in such practical charity without being associated by any religious bond. They are there as pious women to assist the surgeons, not as proselytizing sisters to supplant the chaplains. A good woman will find opportunity of doing service to the souls as well as bodies of the sick, but for this neither peculiarity of dress nor ecclesiastical vows are necessary. At the same time, local and national organization in England of voluntary charity is required, and this ought to be done by the Church, the apostolic arrangements including, under the title of deaconesses, female agents analogous to the sisters of mercy, and sisters of charity of modern times. With this view the account of the French system deserves to be studied by those who have influence to introduce it into England, with such modifications as our Protestant institutions require.

Of miscellaneous works we must only briefly notice the following. *The Scottish Psalm and Tune Book* (Paton and Ritchie), a very complete and well-arranged volume of congregational psalmody, comprising all the tunes in common use in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, with the words of the old version of the Psalms, authorised by the General Assembly of the Kirk, and in universal use in the Presbyterian churches in this country and in America. The general index gives the names of the authors of the tunes as far as known, and references to other collections in which they are found. *A Day in Nismes*, by Berta Elizabeth Macaulay (Masters), presents a sketch of Nismes, and its archeological and historical memorials, in the form of a narrative, in which the writer's observations, and the information of the best authorities, are embodied. It forms a complete and convenient guide-book to the locality. Under the title of *Familiar Words, as affecting the character of Englishmen and the fate of England* (Trübner and Co.), Mr. David Urquhart publishes miscellaneous thoughts and reflections, chiefly bearing on political questions, on which his decided opinions are well known. Of some of the *idola fori* of the time, as Bacon would term them, the treatise gives able expositions and illustrations. In an essay on *The Four Points*, by John Coleman (Dover Chronicle Office), the questions which were before the Vienna Conference lately are fully discussed. Mr. Coleman thinks that the withdrawal of the Russian armies across the Pruth, so far alters the political state of affairs, as to require greater moderation in the demands of the allies, whose attention ought to be now directed rather to strengthening the power of Turkey, than to prosecuting offensive operations against Russia. In an essay on *The Philosophy of the Cross*, by Henry G. Cooper (Groombridge and Sons), some of the theological and practical views connected with the human nature of the Saviour are expounded and applied. In *The Twenty Years' Conflict in the Church and its Remedy* (J. Chapman), the writer takes a review of the ecclesiastical events that have occupied attention since the appearance of the Oxford Tracts, with suggestions for church reform.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Baird's Catalogue of Greek Verbs, 2nd ed., 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
- Bohn's Cheap Series; Irving's Washington, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
- Classical Library; Pliny, Vol. 2, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
- Standard Library; History of Russia, Vol. 2, 3s. 6d.
- Book of Common Prayer, revised 1689, 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Burke's Landed Gentry, part 1, 8vo, sewed, 10s. 6d.
- Confession of Faith, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
- Costello's (D.) Stories from a Screen, crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Cranford, 12mo, boards, 2s.
- (Dr.) Salathiel, new edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
- Curran's (W. A.) Sketches of the Irish Bar, 2 vols., 21s.
- Davidson's Precedents in Conveyancing, Vol. 1, £1. 2s.
- Doctrine of the Real Presence, 8vo, cloth, part 2, 4s.
- Fleury's *L'Histoire de l'Angleterre*, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- L'Histoire de France*, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Fraser's (W.) Old Week's Preparation, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
- Garrod's (A. B.) *Materia Medica*, 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
- Gill's (Dr.) *Cause of God and Truth* 1s. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

- Hooper's (G.) Works, 2 vols., 8vo, quires, 15s.
 Howitt's (W.) Two Years in Victoria, 2 vols., p. 8vo, £1 1s.
 Jackson's (J.) Witness of the Spirit, 2nd edition, 5s. 6d.
 — (W.) Stories on the Catechism, 12mo, Vol. 1, 5s.
 Jerram's (Rev. C.) Memoirs, crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Kingsley's (C.) Glaucus, 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 — Westward Ho! 3 vols., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Letter upon Quakerism, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
 Local Treatment of the Mucous Membrane of the Throat, 3s.
 MacCall's (W.) National Missions, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Marryat's Frank Mildmay, 8vo, boards, 2s.
 Next Door Neighbours, 3 vols., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Prevost's Hippopathology, Vol. 1, new ed., 8vo, 10s. 6d.
 — 4 vols. in 6, £4 5s. 6d.
 Prichard's Natural History of Man, 4th ed., 2 vols., £1 18s.
 Reynolds's (J. R.) Diagnosis of Diseases of the Brain, 8s.
 Rogers's Notice of the Modern Samaritans, 8vo, 4s. 6d.
 St. John's (B.) Louvre, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Shakspeare's Poems; Hall's Poets, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Smith's (Rev. S.) Memoir, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, £1 1s.
 Thirlwall's Greece, 8vo, cloth, Vol. 5 to 8, 8vo, each, 7s. 6d.
 — complete, 8 vols., £2 2s.
 Traveller's Library, No. 83-4, Mason's Life with the Zulus, 1s.
 — in 1 vol., cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Truths Illustrated by Great Authors, 4th ed., 12mo, cl. 6s.
 Vintage Gleannings, 32mo, cloth, 3s.
 Von denhoff's (G.) Art of Eloquence, 8vo, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 Wilson (Dr. J.) on the Water Cure, 8vo, cloth, 7s.
 Xenophon's Expedition Cyrus, Dindorf, 8vo, quires, 10s.

BRITISH ANTIQUITIES AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette,

May 28th.

SIR.—In no place more frequently than in your own pages has expression been given to the strong feeling which exists respecting the neglect with which native antiquities are treated by the British Museum. There is, however, another great establishment, the Crystal Palace, in which, as it aspires, with some justice, to take rank as a *national* institution, it might reasonably be expected that British primeval remains should receive some degree of attention, in so far as they may appear to come fairly within the range of its action. About seven months ago I offered a suggestion on this subject to the Directors, through the Secretary, and immediately thereafter I received a very courteous acknowledgment expressive of thanks for the trouble which I had taken, but stating the opinion that reproductions such as I proposed did not seem to "come within the scope of the Crystal Palace Company, inasmuch as it appears to the Directors that they would be interesting only to a limited class of persons." At the time I took the liberty of dissenting from this view, for I conceived it to be based on the erroneous supposition that such objects would possess attractions solely for scientific archæologists; while, on the other hand, I could not help thinking that even if the Directors were right, another argument would thereby arise in favour of my suggestion, because if native antiquities are generally regarded with indifference, it is in no slight degree owing to the fact that they are neglected by institutions on which they have a claim, and which, as in the present instance at least, might render them popularly known at a comparatively trifling expense.

I am once more reminded of this matter by observing that the Directors, with laudable enterprise, are about to lay even another hemisphere under contribution to swell their collections, and I am induced to request you to permit me in your columns to revert to the subject, in the hope that some prominent representation by corporate societies or otherwise, may be made to those gentlemen to urge them not to overlook altogether the primeval monuments of their own country.

As the simplest and shortest method of explaining the nature of the proposition which I submitted to the Board in question, I append an extract or two from the letter which contained it. I am, &c.

A. HENRY RHIND.

"It is true that we may search in vain among the rude antiquities of our land for structures which have any artistic beauty to recommend them, or which could produce the dazzling effect of the restored antiquities of the East; but then the gentlemen interested in the Crystal Palace have wisely shown, as indeed they originally professed, that it is their design not merely to gratify or educate thee, but also to supply suggestive mate-

rials for intellectual information. It will not therefore, I imagine, be an objection to British aboriginal remains that in an ornamental point of view they would be deficient, since as practical and really attractive instructors their value would be undoubted. Nor does it seem altogether free from anomaly that the visitors to "the great popular educator," as it has justly been termed, should have every facility for ascertaining how an Assyrian monarch was housed three thousand years ago, or for studying the sepulchral customs which prevailed on the banks of the Nile more than a millennium before our era, while no means whatever are afforded to enable them to form any idea of the manners and state of civilization, at those periods, of their predecessors on British soil—*their ancestors it may be.*" *

"I hesitate to offer any observations respecting the details of the proposal I have indicated, but it will be seen that I have been alluding more particularly to the erection of facsimiles of specimens of the more remarkable types of those British primeval remains which are of an architectural or structural character. Some models of weapons, implements, utensils, and ornaments might certainly be well introduced for illustrative purposes, but as these smaller relics, it is hoped, will be collected and exhibited elsewhere, it would scarcely be an object to bring together very many copies of them at Sydenham. *There*, as I conceive, attention should be directed to that which cannot be attempted in ordinary museums—to the reproduction of those remains which are even more vivid exponents of primeval manners than weapons and tools, and which are more generally appreciable by unscientific beholders. For how much more effectively is the curiosity satisfied by a sight of the dwelling than by the mere inspection of the rude implements of its occupants: how much more vague are the ideas called up by the arrow-head, the spear, and the sword, than by the actual presence of the stronghold which these were used to defend: how much more meagre are the teachings of the urn, and the favourite arms or decorations of the deceased, than of the sepulchre in which these were deposited. And we have dwellings still in excellent preservation, the most curious of which are perhaps the "Picts' houses"—hill-forts, still nearly perfect in all their details, cromlechs and chambered cairns, which, in some cases, have well resisted the influence of ages, leaving nothing for the imagination to supply. To reproduce examples of these and of such like (which, were it found necessary, could be effected without detriment in the open air), could not involve any extravagant expenditure, as the materials and workmanship would be of the coarsest kind; and I feel assured, even after making large deductions for my own antiquarian predilections, that the outlay would be fully justified by the interest taken in its results.

I am the more confirmed in this belief from having had occasion to observe, more particularly at Copenhagen and at the Dublin Exhibition, the deep attention which casual visitors, with no strongly developed archaeological tastes, are disposed to bestow on good collections even of the minor relics, which, as I have already implied, are not calculated to be so popularly significant or attractive as restorations of the character I have indicated. Nor would it be the general public alone that would benefit by such reproductions, although this of course, under the circumstances, would be the primary object; but scientific antiquaries, both native and foreign, and especially the latter, would find them of very considerable service, as they would thus have an opportunity of examining in detail primeval structures, which otherwise they would never see except on paper, since it might not be convenient for many of them to make pilgrimages to remote districts in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, where the finest examples of the remains in question are preserved. This last consideration is, however, as I have said, of secondary importance, as the Directors, I doubt not, desire to make it their first care to provide that which shall be popularly available; but even with this end only in view, and leaving out of sight the contin-

gent advantages which I have pointed out, I would hope that it may be deemed advisable to reproduce at least some specimens of our national remains—if only a single dwelling and a single tomb—as the means of enabling every one to know something of primeval Britain."

THE LONDON ANTIQUITIES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

5, Liverpool Street, On,
May 31, 1855.

SIR,—I endeavoured to express clearly in the pamphlet which you have noticed, that my chief object in reference to the London Antiquities is to secure them a permanent resting-place in some public museum, where they would be accessible to the archaeologist, and be protected from the degradation which usually awaits, sooner or later, antiquarian collections. The accomplishment of a end so desirable, I hope, is not incompatible with the recovery of the hard cash expended in forming the collection;—the sum of 3000*l.*, (vast as it may seem to many,) comes far short of what, in truth, may and should be termed the cost price; as, in its including any "reward for private enterprise," as was once insinuated (facetiously?) in your columns, I should not consider double the amount "a reward." The sum proposed by me (which could any day obtain contingent on the disposal of the collection) is lower, by some hundreds of pounds, than the lowest of several estimates made by antiquaries, on whose judgment, freedom from prejudice, and independence, I have perfect reliance; and up to the present day I am not aware of any reasons having been assigned in support of an opinion so different from those alluded to, as well as from others printed in my pamphlet. Yes, sir, refer to the opinion of somebody, but you do not say who holds it. With respect to the reference to Mr. Hawkins, it is but fair to consider that this gentleman *has not yet seen the collection*.

I am, sir, &c.

C. ROACH SMITH.

* * An opportunity will be presented of forming some idea of the value of Mr. Smith's collection, by the sale by auction of Mr. Chaffer's collection of London Antiquities, at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, on the 11th and 12th instant. Though much inferior as a whole, it contains many interesting objects, discovered principally in the metropolis during the last fifteen years.

LEAVING HOME.

All things are precious when the time is so; Let but a moment be the scanty space Between farewell and absence from the loved, Unknowing the far period of return; And every simple, trivial, common thing Becomes arrayed with triple interest; The gate, the garden, e'en the garden chair, The shaded corner where the bird-cage hung; A leaf—a flower;—how do they spring to worth When the heart pains to lose them? Would that all Could learn to prize before compelled to lose! How many would be rich that think they're poor, How many happy that are discontent! How many pining, fretful natures, blush To show themselves before true Sorrow's face!

CHARLES SWAIN.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE scientific *sociétés* of the season have been well attended, but there is a very general regret at the discontinuance of the pleasant *rénunions* of the President of the Royal Society. It is known that Lord Wrottesley accepted the honour of being appointed to the chair of that Society on the condition of not being expected to give *sociétés*, and no reflection attaches, therefore, personally to his Lordship; but the Society should not have sustained the condition. We complain of the aristocracy taking so little interest in science, and yet abandon the very step of all others that brings men

and princess together in social contact with scientific and literary commoners. Lord Ellesmere has, on two evenings, received the members of the Geographical Society at Bridgewater House, Lord Londesborough the members of the Numismatic Society, Lord De Grey the members of the Society of British Architects, and Mr. Simpson the members of the Institution of Civil Engineers, but the Royal Society has been marked by an immunity in this respect, which promises no longer to dim the lustre of its scientific meetings. A few of the members and their friends have, however, been indebted to Mr. Weld for a very pleasant evening in the Society's Library, and there is to be another friendly gathering on Wednesday next. On all the occasions here mentioned a variety of objects of scientific and artistic interest have been exhibited.

In the balance sheet of the Geographical Society, just issued, we notice that the cost of administration for the past year, including office expenses, removal and building expenses, rent, fixtures, and salaries, amounted to upwards of 1700*l.*, whilst the sum expended on the Society's publications and medals was only 387*l.*; and that, although the money received for compositions and entrance fees was 887*l.*, none of it has been funded. It is true that the Society has been put to some additional expense by removal, but the sum paid on this account is nearly covered by the Government grant; and we notice that in the estimate for the present year the sum put down for these items is 2200*l.*, while the whole amount expected from members' annual subscriptions is only 700*l.* We call attention to this merely by way of warning against the state of poverty that must inevitably be the lot of the coming generation of geographers, if their fees and compositions are all swallowed up by anticipation. The Society cannot go on getting new members at the rate of 10*per annum*; and as the annual subscribers die off, and the compounders diminish in number, the Society, unless it possesses a funded capital to fall back upon, will become more and more impoverished.

At the anniversary meeting of the Geographical Society, on Monday, Dr. Tidman, on receiving the Patron's Gold Medal for Dr. Livingston, said, five years ago, when he received a silver medal, he hoped, if his life was spared, he would do more in behalf of the poor and benighted men in South Africa, to place that portion of the human family in something like the comfort that those in England enjoyed. On Dr. Livingston any mark of approbation from a public or patriotic institution would be well bestowed. He went about among the tribes of South Africa in perfect safety, for they had a full conviction that he was the friend of all and the enemy of none. The Bishop of Oxford had noticed that the natives of South Africa had now the Scriptures in their own language. Before that they had no symbol or means of communication, and great were their fears when they found that paper spoke their language at a distance. To form that language Dr. Livingston had to visit the hut of the savage, and there to catch those tones which he reduced to a language, and thus in written words conveyed to them a knowledge of the wonderful things of God.

An interesting event in the scientific world during the past week has been the presentation of a testimonial and piece of plate to Dr. Hoffman, by Lord Ashburton, on the part of the Council of the College of Chemistry, on the occasion of the transfer of the objects of that institution to the Department of Science and Art at the Board of Trade. The Chairman made a graceful acknowledgment of the services rendered by Dr. Hoffman to the popular teaching of chemical science, commenced and carried on hitherto with the most disinterested zeal on his part, and complimented him on the higher and more remunerative field of analysis he was about to enter upon, in company with a body of well-selected colleagues, who are carrying on in harmonious action a work of great importance and usefulness to the country.

An excellent plan for promoting the social and sanitary condition of the working classes has been set on foot in the formation of museums for

the exhibition of all objects bearing upon physical comfort and domestic economy, from the construction of dwelling-houses down to the minutest details of their furnishing. A society for this object exists in Paris under the name of the *Société d'Economie Charitable*. M. le Vicomte de Melun, President, M. Alexis Chevalier, Secretary, Office, 42, Rue de Grenelle-St. Germain. A memorandum has been prepared by Mr. T. Twining, jun., for distribution among the members of the Society of Arts, the Labourer's Friend Society, and the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Working Classes, containing remarks on various means for securing improvements in the physical condition and domestic comforts of the poorer orders, with proposals for establishing special museums in illustration and aid of the praiseworthy design. These museums will contain specimens of the most approved and cheapest kinds of furniture, household utensils, clothing, fuel, and other stores, besides models and plans of the external and internal arrangements of buildings of every description, workshops as well as dwelling-houses. In Mr. Twining's memorandum a copious list is given of objects which it is desirable to collect and exhibit. Arrangements have been made for holding a conference during the present Exhibition at Paris, when those who, in different countries, are interested in the subject, may compare notes, and form plans for exchanging articles, and otherwise promoting the common object of ameliorating the condition of the working classes. The Council of the London Society of Arts have entered warmly into Mr. Twining's views, and have promised every aid in the establishment of the proposed Economic Museum in London. If an appeal to the public is necessary, we have no doubt that it would be promptly and liberally responded to, and Mr. Twining has shown his own practical zeal and benevolence in the matter, by a donation of 10*l.* towards the preliminary expenses. The circular has been widely distributed abroad as well as at home, and it is hoped that a correspondence will be organized, through which the benefits of the Association may be widely known, and important communications received in furtherance of the design.

Among the instructions to correspondents and exhibitors, the following are of obvious utility, and indicate the general objects of the Association:—“Whilst materials for representing the condition of industrial life in the colonies and in foreign countries, such as articles of ordinary clothing, domestic utensils, and the like, will be particularly acceptable, similar materials for illustrating any peculiarities in the costume, or the technical and household appliances of British artisans and labourers of every description, should be freely contributed. Duplicates could be exchanged for articles from other countries. It is particularly desirable that all persons who may have noticed in this or other countries any article, appliance, or arrangement deserving of being recommended to the attention of the working classes, should give information thereof forthwith to the Society of Arts, pointing out the sources for obtaining the same, or information relative thereto. Institutions and Associations for the benefit of the working classes throughout the country, and especially the Institutes in union with the Society of Arts, now 364 in number, are confidently looked to for active co-operation in a cause which is most emphatically their own. Every facility will be afforded for forming, in the chief centres of industrial population, branch collections, carefully selected with a view to the local requirements. From the co-operation of the British Colonies with the Mother Country in this labour of benevolence, much reciprocal advantage may be anticipated. The remark in the foregoing paragraph relative to local economic collections, applies in full force to centres of colonial civilization. Inventors and Manufacturers who have successfully turned their ingenuity, or their capital, to supplying the wants of the less wealthy classes of the community, may rely that everything will be done to bring into relief the special merit which their contributions

may possess. Medical Men, persons connected with Sick Clubs and other popular Institutions, Registrars, Employers of Labour, and especially Working Men themselves, who may be willing to favour the Industrial Pathology Committee with the results of their experience as to the accidents, injuries, and diseases incident to industrial occupations, are likewise particularly requested to communicate with the Society. Communications are at present to be addressed to P. Le Neve Foster, Esq., Secretary of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, London, the Council of that Society having undertaken to receive correspondence, and to ascertain the probable extent of promised contributions, before beginning the actual collection of objects for the Museum.

M. Dumas, the French chemist, announced to the Academy of Sciences, of Paris, in its sitting on Monday, that the Minister of War had received information of the discovery of a gold deposit at Dalmatia, in Algeria. M. Dumas produced a specimen of the gold which had been found, and was charged by the Academy, in conjunction with M. Pelouze, to examine and report on it. It was stated in the same sitting of the Academy that the recently discovered metal, aluminium, has been found to be suitable for the construction of galvanic piles; but as the experiments which led to this result were made with aluminium in an impure state, a request was made that they might be repeated.

At the last meeting of the Council of the University of London, among other announcements of bequests, were the late Mr. Greenough's collections of fossils, presented through his executors, Decimus Burton, Esq., and Robert Hutton, Esq.; a portion of the library of the late Joseph Hume, M.P., one of the most zealous friends of the University; and a portrait of Harvey, the physician, by Mireveldt, bequeathed by the late George Field, Esq.

Chevalier Rosini professor of the University of Pisa, author of a ‘History of Painting,’ and of various other works, has just died at Pisa, at the advanced age of 80. The death of Professor Schlesinger of the Museum of Berlin, and an eminent painter, is also announced. The Paris papers record that of M. Lavigne, who was principal tenor of the Grand Opera from 1808 to 1825.

A monument to the memory of the late Mr. Lockhart is to be erected at Dryburgh Abbey, the contributors to which are chiefly his personal friends in London, and his associates in the circle of the ‘Quarterly Review;’ the names of Dean Milman, Mr. Richard Ford, Mr. John Murray, Dr. Ferguson, Rev. Dr. Wellesley, and the Earl of Ellesmere, being announced in connexion with the memorial.

The French government shows no inclination to become more tolerant towards the press—*au contraire*. Within the last few days it has, we learn, prohibited the sale in cheap parts of M. Vaulabelle's ‘Histoire des Deux Restorations,’ a work which has been published in volumes, and which has attained very great and very deserved success. It is feared that the book, sold in volumes at 5 francs, without producing any ill effects whatsoever, might become dangerous to the existing governments if widely spread among the people.

The death is announced, on Tuesday, of Viscount Strangford, a nobleman who long filled important diplomatic offices in different foreign countries, and who, in earlier life, had acquired some literary distinction. Byron has embodied him in his ‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,’ in the lines beginning—

“ Hibernian Strangford, with thine eyes of blue,”—
and ending—

“ Nor teach the Lusian hard to copy Moore.”

The allusion is to his version of Portuguese lyric poems, which his friend Tom Moore has praised in glowing terms, but which came under the lash of the Edinburgh Reviewers in 1805. Lord Strangford was an Irish title until 1825, when he was raised to the British Peerage. He is succeeded by George Sydney Smythe, M.P., author of ‘Historic Fancies.’ Lord Strangford was a Fellow of the

Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, in the proceedings of which he took an active interest.

Dr. Easton, of the Andersonian University, has been appointed successor to the late Dr. Cowper, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Glasgow.

The 'Scotsman' reports the death, at Dumfries, of Mrs. Thomson, the Jessy Lewars of Robert Burns, a warm admirer and faithful friend of the poet and of his family. She possessed many original manuscripts and memoranda, which she forwarded to Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, for his biography of Burns.

The Scientific Congress of France is to hold its twenty-second session at Le Puy, on the 16th September next.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of Paris has elected M. Wolowski one of its members, in the section of political economy and statistics, in the room of the late M. Blanqui.

Professor Hoffman, of the College of Chemistry, is named as Assayer to the Mint, in room of Professor Graham, promoted to the Mastership.

The last new planet, which was discovered by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, has received the name of Leucothea, and is indicated by the sign of an ancient lighthouse.

The Association of German Naturalists is to meet at Vienna, on the 18th September next.

It is stated that Mr. J. W. Carmichael, the marine painter, is accompanying the fleet in the Baltic, under the sanction of the Admiralty, so as to procure authentic representations of some of the incidents of the war. There is no lack of artists at present at the seat of war, either in the east or the north, and it is to be hoped that they may have greater scope for their talents than during the campaign of 1854.

The sum of 700*l.* has been presented to the funds of the Wellington College, and 50*l.* to the fund for the benefit of Mr. Angus Reach, being part of the proceeds of the recent amateur performance at Drury Lane Theatre.

At the Royal Italian Opera, on Thursday, Signor Tamburini reappeared, after an absence of three years, in *Don Giovanni*. Though his voice is not as it used to be, his goodly appearance, graceful bearing, and perfect acting, secure an impersonation of the character which no other living performer has been able to reach. The whole cast of the opera was unusually strong, Mario, *Don Ottavio*; Lablache, *Leporello*; Tagliafico, *Il Commendatore*; Polonini, *Masetto*; Madame Bosio, *Zerlina*; Madame Rudersdorff, in place of Madame Ney, *Donna Anna*; and Mlle. Marai, *Elvira*. Madame Cerito, with M. Desplaces, gracefully went through the minut in the ball scene. The *Leporello* of Lablache is a representation of great drollery, and the portly bass was in unusually good voice and spirits, his improvised polyglot interjections being frequent, but he spoils the last acts by continuing his levity and jokes when only terror should be shown. The dramatic effects, both in the music, and in the personification of avenging horrors, as the opera draws to a close, render any buffoonery out of place. Mario's singing in 'Il mio tesoro' and other passages, was splendid, but the part of *Don Ottavio* is one which he seems to think it ungracious to fill, and his performance is careless. *Zerlina's* charming songs were given admirably, but Bosio never sufficiently throws herself into the characters she represents, and her acting is sadly deficient in expression and animation. The singing and acting of Madame Rudersdorff were those of a finished artist, and the other parts were most effectively sustained. The music was splendidly given by the orchestra, and rarely has Mozart's masterpiece been witnessed to greater advantage. Madame Grisi appeared on Tuesday in *Norma*, and *Lucrezia Borgia* is announced for Monday.

The new opera of Auber, at the Opéra Comique, at Paris, which is most highly spoken of by persons who have been present at the rehearsals, is called, as we have already announced, *Jenny Bell*; but this *Jenny* is understood to be no other than

the famous Jenny Lind, M. Scribe, Auber's *collaborateur*, having thought that her world-wide celebrity warrants him in making her the heroine of an operatic *libretto*. Mlle. Duprez is to personate the Swedish nightingale, and to enable her to do so she has resigned the rôle of *Catherine*, in Meyerbeer's *Étoile du Nord*, to Madame Ugdalé.

Prince Metternich has long possessed the manuscript of an unpublished play, by Lope de Vega, called *Dona Maria de Aragon*. He has, we hear, recently determined on having the piece printed; and in so doing he renders an acceptable service to literature. The manuscript was given to the Prince by the Duke de Ossuna.

At the Philharmonic Concert on Monday evening, another work by one of our English composers was given, *Sinfonia* in G minor, by Potter, the reception of which may encourage the directors to be less exclusive than hitherto in the formation of their programmes. Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, No. 3, and Beethoven's *Leonora* overture, were most effectively given. The vocalists were Mlle. Falconi and Herr Formes, and M. Sainton violinist. Of other musical events of the week, we may mention the concert of the English Glee and Madrigal Union, at Willis's Rooms, on the 28th; the performance of Mr. Leslie's oratorio, *Immanuel*, at St. Martin's Hall, on the 30th, for the benefit of the Home for Decayed Gentlewomen; the performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* by the Harmonic Union, under the direction of Mr. Blagrove, for the benefit of the Western Dispensary; and the production of a new opera at the Surrey Theatre, *Faust*, by Herr Meyer Lutz.

At Drury Lane a *prima donna* new to this country, Madam Arga, has appeared in *Norma*. She lacks the dramatic power necessary for that part, but her voice is good and ably managed, and in her lower notes there is a richness which gives a peculiar and pleasing character to her singing. Mr. Braham made an effective *Ororesco*, but the other parts were less ably sustained. Of the present performances at Drury Lane, the *Barber of Seville* is by far the best. Madame Gassier is a charming and skilful singer, and the acting throughout is full of spirit and humour. The orchestra contains some good instrumentalists, and under the direction of Mr. Tully has improved in efficiency. The choruses are, however, very rough and unsatisfactory.

At the Haymarket the lovers of the classical drama may again have the privilege of witnessing the performance of Helen Fauch, who is engaged for a short period. This week the piece has been the *Lady of Lyons*. A clever and amusing little piece, *Only a Halfpenny*, has been adapted from the French by Mr. Buckstone, and gives scope for some play of his droll humour.

M. Levaissor, the great French mimic and comic actor, has been engaged by Mr. Mitchell to give a series of French plays at the St. James's Theatre, commencing on Wednesday evening; and also some *Matinées Récréatives et Comiques*.

At the Crystal Palace vocal music is to be added to the regular attractions of the place, and Madame Albani commences an engagement at a concert on Monday.

A company of Italian tragedians and comedians from Turin has commenced a series of performances in Paris. The principal member of it is Mlle. Ristori, who is called by her countrymen the Rachel of Italy. The piece in which she has thus far appeared is Silvio Pellico's tragedy of *Francesca di Rimini*. It is rather heavy, but her excellent acting carries it off triumphantly. In the scene in which, in spite of herself, she confesses a guilty passion, she is truly splendid, and literally electrified the auditory. She plays in an after-piece also, with a skill which shows that she is more than Rachel, and possesses the versatility of Garrick. The principal male performer who supports her is a M. Rossi, and though his person be not favourable, he is an able actor.

Passing events of the day have furnished materials for various recent additions to metropolitan sights and amusements, among which may be named the Siege of Sebastopol, at the Surrey Gar-

dens, always famous for pyrotechnic displays; and a spectacle at Astley's, 'England and France in the Days of Chivalry.' Mr. Burford's Panorama of Sebastopol presents views of striking artistic effect, and which have the high recommendation of correctness, as testified by eye-witnesses of the scenes, among whom are Lord Cardigan and Sir John Burgoyne.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—*May 2nd.*—Mr. Hamilton, President, in the chair. W. Foster White, Esq., C. S. Mann, Esq., L. Barrett, Esq., and J. D'Urban, Esq., were elected Fellows. The following communications were read:—1. 'On the Anthracite Shales and Fucoidal Schists of the South of Scotland,' by Professor Harkness, F.G.S. The Lower Silurian rocks in the south of Scotland, occupying Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, and the counties to the east and west, contain three or more thin bands of anthracitic shales, which have at times been unsuccessfully worked for fuel. The stream of Glenkiln, about nine miles north of Dumfries, affords a good section of one of these black bands, which abound with graptolites, and are greatly contorted. The author considered it probable that these anthracites were originally formed from extensive masses of sea-weeds, and that the muddy vegetable matter became impure coal, and was afterwards hardened, and deprived in great part of its combustible matter by great pressure, and the violent flexures and contortions of the including strata. Mr. Harkness referred also to the occurrence of fucoidal remains in other parts of South Scotland—namely, at Griestone and at Barla, and he illustrated and described some of the species of the ancient sea-weeds from the latter place. 2. A letter (communicated by the Foreign Office) from D. Sandison, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Brusa, noticing the existence of one or more seams of oil in Bazarkuy, about three hours distant from Ghia, and three or four hours from Yalova, in the Gulf of Nicomedia. 3. 'On the Physical Geography and the Drift Phenomena of the Cotteswold Hills' by E. Hull, Esq., F.G.S. After describing the physical features of the district, Mr. Hull proceeded to account for the formation of the valley, and the preservation of the headlands and outliers which are scattered at intervals over the Gloucester plain. The valleys were shown to be in the direction of slight anticlinal lines, and the headlands in the direction of synclines, having a mean north and south strike. The preservation of Breton Hill was shown to be due to a fault, which, traversing the southern side of the hill from east to west, had lowered by several hundred feet the area now forming the hill, and thus rendered the strata less exposed to the denuding action of the ancient sea. Breton Hill had then acted as a breakwater to the district south of it, on which account the outliers of Oxenton, Stanley, Dumbleton, and Notting Hills had escaped destruction. From the magnitude and greater number of the tabulated platforms of marlstone of the district, which had a westerly direction, the inference was drawn that the prevailing winds during the period when the sea covered the plains were from the west, those from the north being next in force or prevalence. It was next shown that there were distinct pleistocene deposits to be found at intervals over the district. The most ancient was the Northern Drift; next the Estuarine; and latest the Warp Drift. No traces of the Northern Drift were to be found on the Cotteswold Hills, which were in fact above the sea at the period of its deposition; but the sands and gravels of which it is here composed, and which were derived principally from the waste of the new red sandstone and carboniferous rocks, were plentifully strewn over the vales of Gloucester and Moreton, and extended along a line drawn from Burford to Cirencester. Chalk-flints being numerous in the drift, it was supposed that an eastern current was confluent with the northern during the period in question; and the southern extension of icebergs was proved from the occurrence of boulders of millstone grit near the souther

extremity of the Moreton valley. The Estuarine drift, which was composed of oolitic detritus and re-stratified northern drift, was found in the valleys of the Evenlode, Bourton, Cheltenham, and Stroud, and in it were found remains of mammalia now extinct. An oolitic and chalk gravel, supposed to be of the same age, makes its appearance a few miles south of Cirencester. The Warp drift was found at the height of 600 or 700 feet, equal to that which the northern drift attains. The Estuarine reached an elevation of about 300 feet above the sea. Mr. Hull also noticed traces of an ancient seabeach at the base of the inferior oolite escarpment. It was composed of gravels and sands formed of the waste of the oolite. These gravels were proved to have been formed not by atmospheric causes, but by the action of the sea, from the fact that they present all the evidence of stratification. In conclusion, it was considered that, in order to explain all the phenomena of the drifts and denudations of the country, at least three elevations and two submersions, of greater or less amount, must be supposed to have taken place.

STRO-EGYPTIAN.—May 8th.—Dr. W. Camps in the chair. 1. Mr. Sharpe read a sketch of the early history of Syria, formed by the help of the slight notices of that country which are found in the Old Testament. On many points of geography the writer's opinions were new. He placed the little kingdom of Zobah between Mount Lebanon and the sea, and identified the city of Berothai with Beyrut. He placed Mesopotamia, or Aram of the Rivers, rather to the north of its usual place in the maps, understanding by that name, not the desert country between the Tigris and Euphrates, which Xenophon calls Arabia, but the fertile country, in the midst of the numerous branches of those two rivers, to the north of the Chaboras. He thought that the Israelite town of Beth-rehob was so named after Rehob the Syrian king, who held that part of Palestine, and that the tribe of Ashea was so named in consequence of its Syrian or Assyrian population, not after any son of Jacob. 2. Mr. Harle read a paper 'On the Idol Nergal,' made and probably worshipped by the men of Cuth, mentioned in 2 Kings xvii. 30. Mr. Harle argued that the Cutheans were a very early race, widely extended and powerful. That from Assyria they extended to India, China, Arabia Petraea, and Abyssinia—that the Scythians were descendants of Cuth—that the names of many places in India identified them as being founded by the Cuthites, also that the names of some of the gods of India were corrupted forms of the name of their ancestor Cuth. That the word *Nergal* in its elements was to be found in old Persian, *Ner* (male), *Gal* (a cock). That the rabbins agreed that Nergal was a cock under some form. That the word *Tarnegal* of the Targum—a word including all the elements of the word *Nergal*—was used generally to signify the cock—that it was a Talmudical word derived from some language cognate with the Hebrew. That on several Babylonian cylinders the cock was clearly seen (Mr. Harle exhibited several impressions from Babylonian cylinders brought over by Mr. Layard). And, lastly, that as the Izedis still worship the Evil spirit under the symbol of a cock, it is probable that their worship is allied with, or a remnant of, the worship of the men of Cuth. 3. Dr. Jolowicz read some notes on the philological and archaeological bearing of the question. In the philological part he agreed that the word *Nergal* signified a cock, an opinion which he said received additional confirmation from the circumstance that the god worshipped by the Izedis in the present day is represented by a cock on a candlestick. The doctor believed the word to be not Syriac but Hebrew, a compound of two words, signifying the rise of morn, because the cock heralds the dawn. In the archaeological part of the subject, the learned world agree that *Nergal* was the symbol of Mercury or Mars, from the combative propensity of the bird. Dr. Jolowicz conceives that the Cuthim worshipped, through the

medium of the cock, Nergal, the god Moloch, and that their worship was in all respects a Moloch cult, comprising the sacrifice of children, &c. The Talmud classified the cock amongst the demons, because of its lustful propensities. The Doctor also believed the word *Moloch* to be discernible in the Malik Taus, or deified cock, of the Izedis. The Assyrian coins show the representation of Dagon with Nergal (the fish and the cock) together, representing the worship of Moloch, combined with another sufficiently known by its immoral tendencies, and probably symbolised in a fish, because of its fecundity.

of the body are nearly alike, and the animal assumes the appearance of a more or less flattened sphere or bead, the resemblance to which is much increased by the terminal orifices. This bead-like form suggested the specific name of *sphaerooides*, which Mr. Holdsworth proposed for the animal. The secretary read a communication from Mr. W. A. Lloyd, containing some interesting notes of his experience in the management of an aquarium supplied with artificial sea water.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—May 14th.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Vice-President, in the chair. Professor Henry Wentworth Acland, Captain James Wood, R.N., Messrs. Thomas Sopwith, and William H. G. Kingston, were elected Fellows. The Chairman announced to the meeting that the Geographical Society of Paris had transmitted to the Council, through its Vice-President, M. De la Roquette, three medals for presentation to three Fellow of this Society, to whom they had been awarded by the French geographers. To Captain M. Clure, R.N., the gold medal had been awarded, for his discovery of the North-West Passage; to Captain Inglefield, R.N., a silver medal had been awarded, for his discoveries in the Arctic Regions; and to Mr. Francis Galton a silver medal had also been awarded, for his explorations in the Namaqua, Damara, and Ovampo countries, northward of the Orange River, in South-Western Africa. The Chairman expressed his conviction that the Society would join in the cordial feelings with which the Council appreciated the honours which France had so liberally conferred, and the meeting had the gratification of witnessing the presentation of the medals to Captain M. Clure, Captain Inglefield, and Mr. Galton, who severally offered their acknowledgments. The papers read were:—1. 'Notes on the Passage of Hannibal across the Alps; and on the Valley of Beaufort, in Upper Savoy,' by Professor Paul Chaix, of Geneva, corresponding F.R.G.S. 2. 'On the Frontier Tribes of the Punjab, west of the Indus, with a Sketch Map,' by Lieutenant James Sykes, 2nd Regiment Punjab Infantry. Communicated by Col. Sykes. Kohat is surrounded by hills, and it can only be approached through various defiles. The principal pass is nearly fourteen miles long, and leads to Peshawur, which lies about thirty miles northward. This pass is held by Afreedeys, and it contains several large and strongly-built villages, the settled inhabitants of which are under control and peaceable, but the tribes that visit the villages during the cold months are turbulent and troublesome, and their wandering habits enable them to escape with their flocks from punishment, unless taken by surprise. The Afreedeys are divided into factions, clans, or kheyals, each of which has its chief or mullah, and they have little or no common sympathy. They are bigoted and notorious plunderers. 3. Copies of letters from Drs. Barth and Vogel, respecting the progress of the Central African mission, communicated by the Earl of Clarendon.

ZOOLOGICAL.—May 22nd.—Dr. Gray, F.R.S., in the chair. Mr. P. L. Sclater read a paper containing descriptions of four new or little known Tanagers from Bogota and Ecuador. Mr. E. W. H. Holdsworth read an account of a new species of sea anemone which he referred to the genus *Scolanthus*. His specimens were all found near low-water mark, embedded in the fine chalky mud which fills the crevices of the rocks at Seaford, near Beechy Head, their expanded discs being just level with the surface, but so nearly covered that only a faint star-like outline was visible. On being alarmed, they retire into the mud, their extraordinary powers of inversion enabling them to hide at some little distance below the surface. The body tapers a little posteriorly, and terminates with a rounded base, having a distinct central perforation. When closely contracted, the two ends

ANTIQUARIES.—May 10th.—J. P. Collier, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Thomas Close, of Nottingham, was elected Fellow. Mr. Lemon announced the donation, by Mr. Sott, of two proclamations of the Protector Cromwell, and Mr. Nichols presented two Broadsides, one of them representing a dwarf named Bullock, living in 1755. Mr. George Scharf exhibited a drawing of an object in bronze, in the possession of Sir H. Douglas, found at Actium. This object he believed to be a part of a prow of a galley, and of the time of Augustus, the galed head in front resembling that of Rome on the consular coins. Mr. O. Morgan exhibited three lanterns, two of them of earthenware, the other of a gothic pattern of very neat execution, of bronze and plate glass. Mr. Blasaw communicated an account of some Roman remains, a tiled area, discovered recently at Froxfield, Hants, by Mr. Minty of Petersfield. Mr. Tymms exhibited several leaden tokens and seals

found at Bury St. Edmunds. One of the latter bore the singular, and it is believed unique, legend, —*S. ALICIE FIL'E ADE.* Mr. John Brent, Junior, exhibited a small figure of a woman in white clay, suckling a child at each breast. It was found with urns, and other sepulchral remains of the Roman period, at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury. Similar figures have been discovered in Roman cemeteries in Normandy. Mr. Ouvery, the treasurer, communicated an account of the church of Wing in Buckinghamshire, with copious extracts from the churchwardens' book.

R. S. OF LITERATURE.—*May 9th.*—S. Birch, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Vaux read a paper by C. T. Newton, Esq., H.M. Vice-Consul at Mytilene, 'On the Inscriptions lately found at Mavrodhiliissi.' Mr. Newton stated that he had had an opportunity during the last autumn (1854) of making a second visit to the site of the temple of Amphiaraus, discovered by him two years ago, at a place now called Mavrodhiliissi, and that he had corrected and added to the collection of inscriptions sent home by him on his former visit to that place. M. Pittakys, the keeper of the antiquities at Athens, had also fully explored the site, and made some valuable new discoveries.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.*—Entomological, 8 p.m.
—British Architects, 8 p.m.
- Chemical, 8 p.m.
- Royal Institution, 2 p.m.—(General Monthly Meeting.)
- Tuesday.*—Linnean, 8 p.m.
—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor Tyndall on Voltaic Electricity.)
—Horticultural, 3 p.m.
- Wednesday.*—Pharmaceutical, 8½ p.m.
—Ethnological, 8½ p.m.—(1. General Briggs, F.R.S., on Mr. Hodgson's Philosophical Researches in the Taras Languages. 2. Mr. Kennedy, Ethnological Notices of the Philippine Islands taken from the Spanish, with some observations on Races.)
- Thursday.*—Zoological, 3 p.m.
—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
—Photographic, 8 p.m.
- Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Mr. G. Scharf, jun., on Christian Art.)
- Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Prof. Faraday on Ruhmkorff's Induction Apparatus.)
—Astronomical, 8 p.m.
—Philological, 8 p.m.
- Saturday.*—Botanic, 3 p.m.
—Assyrian, 2 p.m.—(Colonel Rawlinson will give an account of the results of his recent investigations in Assyria and Babylonia.)

VARIETIES.

The Children of the Royal Domestics.—Her Majesty having discovered that a large portion of the children of the domestic and other servants at Buckingham Palace are very much neglected in the matter of education, has commanded that premises in Palace-street, Pimlico, should be fitted up as a school, to be opened for educational purposes on Monday next. Mr. Charles Dodd, a gentleman of tried ability in his vocation, has been appointed master. The whole of the expenses will be defrayed by Her Majesty. The number of scholars of both sexes at present eligible for admission is sixty-six. An evening school will also be established for such of the elder children as may be prevented from attending in the daytime.—*Globe.*

Type-setting Machine.—Mr. Mitchell, a younger brother of John Mitchell, late editor of the 'Citizen,' has invented a machine for setting type, and with its aid has just finished the setting-up of an octavo volume by Bancroft, the historian, to be published in a few days by the Harpers. This new type-setter somewhat resembles a grand pianoforte, and has a key-board corresponding to the letters of the alphabet and the punctuation marks. Mr. Trow, the well-known printer, says that it is even better for newspaper than for book work. The price of the machine is 700 dollars.—*American Literary Gazette.*

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